No. 686.) For Week Ending February 22nd. 1902. (One Penny.

SHORT STORIES

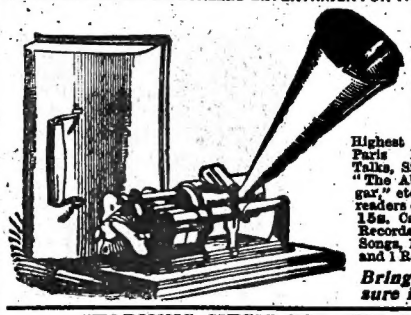
Chickering] [*Boston.*

"What! you have mislaid my *SHORT STORIES* and can't find it?"

Digitized by Google

"THE MACHINE THAT TALKS."

CAMPBELL'S GRAPHOPHONE is the best Talking and Singing Machine in the Market at the Price.
A FASCINATING AND UNRIVALLED ENTERTAINER FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

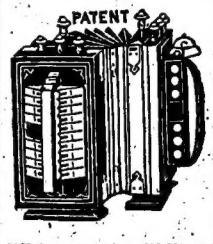


CAMPBELL'S HOME GRAND GRAPHOPHONE. This is no German manufacture, but the new American 20th Century Talking Machine, which gained the Highest Awards at the Paris Exhibition, 1900. Talks, Sings, and recites "The Absent-Minded Beggar," etc. Special price to readers of *Short Stories*, £2 15s. Carriage paid, with 4 Records free. 2 Vocal Songs, 1 Orchestral Piece, and 1 Recitation.

Brings Endless Pleasure into the Home.

CHARMING MUSIC FOR THE HOME.

CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS



With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Sweet Bell Accompaniments. **No Home should be without one.** *No Knowledge of Music required.* Used throughout the world.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS.

Special Offer to the Readers of *Short Stories*
Campbell's "Gem" Melodeons, price only 6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon, ,, 10/9
Campbell's "Paragon" Melodeon, ,, 14/-
Campbell's "Favourite" Melodeon, ,, 16/6
Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount.
Either sent carriage paid to any address in Great Britain & Ireland.

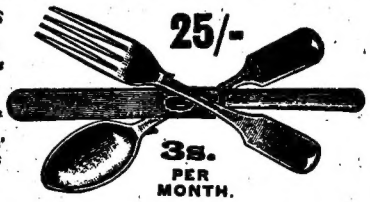
All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's New Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for Season 1901-2, now ready. 200,000 sent out yearly. Send 1d. Stamp to—
CAMPBELL & Co., Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, GLASGOW.
Established 50 Years. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

CUTLERY

J. G. GRAVES' "ENTERPRISE" PARCEL **25/-**

CONTAINS:—
6 Table Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 1 Pair Sugar Tongs, 1 Moist Sugar Spoon, 2 Mustard Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Salt Spoons, and 1 Silver Mounted Bread Knife with Carved White Handle.

J. G. GRAVES is the only Manufacturer who supplies the public direct, and the whole of the Goods are manufactured in J. G. Graves' own Factories in Sheffield.



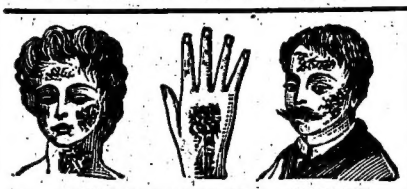
HOW TO PAY.—Send 3s. with order, and complete purchase in six more monthly payments of 3s. and one of 4s.; or, if you prefer to pay the balance in one sum within seven days of delivery, J. G. Graves will forward a Splendid pair of Carvers as discount. If you are not satisfied, return the Parcel, and your deposit will be refunded.

Catalogues sent Post Free on application.

Agents Wanted.—Persons in regular employment who can introduce New Customers should write for terms.

J. G. GRAVES,

69 Division St., SHEFFIELD.



A GUARANTEED CURE.

for ECZEMA AND ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS.

A victim, who was cured after five years' suffering, will gladly send full particulars of an inexpensive, guaranteed Cure on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.—
PACIDERMA, 215 Piccadilly, London, W.

VARICOSE VEINS,

Bad Legs, etc., are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. A guaranteed remedy. Full particulars (with testimonials) on receipt of 2 stamps.—S. S. ROBERTS, 9 Playfair Rd., Southsea.

A Celebrated Nelson Watch & Chain

For One Day's Work.

We send this Genuine 30-Hour Nickel-Plated WATCH, Warranted an ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER, with Chain and Pendant to Boys and Girls for Selling Seven Beautiful Pieces of Jewellery at 1s. each. Sterling Value. Send your full Name and Address (Post Card will do), by Return of Post, and we will at once forward the Box of Handsome Jewellery, Post Paid and a large Premium List. No Money Required. WE TRUST YOU. We send the Goods at our own risk. **ABSOLUTELY FREE**
Send us the money that you get for them, and we send you the Watch, Chain and Pendant by Registered Post. THE NELSON MNFG. CO.
72, ALDERSGATE ST. LONDON, E.C.

IF YOU LIKE

PURE *FRUIT* JAMS

BUY

PINK'S

New Season's Jams

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

COCOA

BREAKFAST—SUPPER.

ALL FAT PEOPLE

can safely **Reduce Weight and cure Corpulency permanently** by taking **TRILENE TABLETS** (Regd.) for a few weeks. They are small, agreeable, harmless, and never fail to IMPROVE both HEALTH and FIGURE without Change of Diet. An English Countess writes: *"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."*

Send 2s. 6d. to **THE TRILENE CO.**, Sole Proprietors
66 Finsbury Pavement, London.

SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Princess Liechtenstein writes from Landsberg, Austria: "Pray send your excellent tablets directly." Mr. Canham, 87 Alexandra Road, Norwich: "Tablets cured my wife of extreme stoutness; it has never returned." Mrs. H. Cox, 28 Watnall Road, Hucknall Torkard, writes: "The Tablets reduced me 1½ stone." Mrs. S. Alexander, 102 Dixon Street, New Swindon, says: "They reduced me 26lb., and I am cured." Mrs. Darnley-Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, says: "Tablets have reduced me very much." Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, Comston, says: "I weigh much less and can breathe so much easier; I am delighted."

DON'T COUGH USE KEATING'S LOZENGES FOR YOUR COUGH.

ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU, "there is no better Cough Medicine." —One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 80 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1½d. tins.

SHORT STORIES.

No. 686.] For the Week Ending February 22nd, 1902. [ONE PENNY.

New Series. **Start To-day.**

EDWARD FARRELL CHEMIST

By Philip Moon.

II.—THE KIRBY DIAMONDS.

KIRBY House, the town residence of Lord Kirby, was ablaze with lights.

From within came the sound of merry laughter, and the clink of well-filled glasses. Lord and Lady Kirby were entertaining their bosom friends and boon companions, at one of those small and select dinner parties for which they were, deservedly, so well famed.

To know Lord Kirby was a pleasure and an honour; not because he was a nobleman and rich, but because he was broad-minded and a cultured man. A man every one honoured and respected. He reckoned his friends not by their number, but by their worth. He could appreciate sterling qualities, and could discern between empty-pated rank and talented commonality. By no means literary, he numbered amongst his friends those most eminent in the world of letters; by no means scientific, yet the greatest scientists called him friend. Large-hearted and noble-minded, he was a fine example of what an English nobleman should be.

Lady Kirby was perhaps less broad-minded than her husband, but was nevertheless kind-hearted and genial. Very beautiful, she carried all hearts with her, and made everyone her friend. To-night Edward Farrell was one of the favoured guests.

He was an old and cherished friend of both Lord and Lady Kirby, and had first met the former when at Cambridge nearly ten years before.

Farrell looked in splendid trim. He had just returned from a late trip to Switzerland, with the blood coursing joyously through his veins, his heart beating high, and his mind free from every care. He was longing for his books and instruments again, 'tis true, but he never did things by halves, and since he had come out to dine, he meant to dine well and enjoy himself.

There was not a large company present, for Lord Kirby believed in keeping his guests at these special dinners small in number and select.

Moreover, he nearly always invited the same people, for they comprised his and his wife's closest personal friends.

On Lord Kirby's face Farrell once or twice thought he saw a fleeting look of anxiety or worry; and was surprised to find it reflected in the face of Lady Kirby. The other guests apparently noticed nothing—little wonder either—they were not all so observant as Farrell. Even he hardly thought twice about it, and soon forgot his fancies in the enticing flow of cultured talk and the sparkle of the wines.

Brighter, however, than the sparkling wines, surpassing even the sparkling eyes of the ladies, were the jewels they wore; for informal as these dinner parties were, the ladies yet loved to indulge their weakness for dazzling jewels, and displayed their possessions in good-natured rivalry.

Lady Kirby, however, stood alone and unique—for the famous Kirby diamonds were unapproachable. She wore the diamond filigree necklace only. It gleamed like a line of scintillating fire against the fair neck of the owner, and crowned her as queen over all.

Lady Dorothy Kayn—called by her friends, Lady Dolly—was the only one who in any way rivalled Lady Kirby. She devoted a great deal of her time to the best exhibition of her many gems; but their rich profusion and the lavishness of their display, palled upon one, and made one look with relief to the exquisite and dainty beauty of the Kirby necklace.

Lady Dolly knew it too. She knew that to her was

not the prize; and, alas! woman is but human—she envied her friend.

Farrell saw Lady Dolly's envious glances, and laughed good-humouredly to himself. Solomon was not so far wrong, thought he, "Vanity of vanities" truly "all is vanity."

But even the brightest of dinners must end, and this was no exception. The last course had been disposed of, the dessert discussed, and the ladies had left for the drawing-room. Now the chief and most comfortable feature of Lord Kirby's dinners was that they were free from superfluous formality.

After dinner the men had a quiet half-hour all to themselves before joining the ladies in the drawing-room.

Some adjourned to the smoking-room, others to the library, and others to the billiard-room, but all, according only to their own sweet will and fancy.

Thus, Farrell found himself *tête-à-tête* with Lord Kirby in the library.

His lordship seemed rather quiet and thoughtful. At last he said:

"Look here, Farrell. I want to ask your advice. I am pretty well worried out of my life, and my wife, in spite of her affected indifference, is much upset too. You saw the diamond necklace she was wearing to-night? Well that, as you know, is one of the famous Kirby collection, and is almost priceless. It was one of a complete set. I say was, for it is so no longer. At each of my last dinner-parties a piece has disappeared—stolen most probably. First the brooch disappeared—disappeared without leaving a trace. Lady Kirby had taken it off for a moment and placed it on her dressing-table. When she turned to pick it up again a few minutes later, it had vanished, vanished as completely as though the table had opened and swallowed it. No one had seen it. Only her friends were in the room, the same friends that are here to-night, the same as have been here each time. They are all wealthy and have nothing to gain by taking the jewels; in fact, I would rather suspect myself than them. Next time the crescent for the hair vanished—no one knows how or when. Lady Kirby fastened it in her hair before dinner and noticed it was still there when in her dressing-room shortly afterwards, yet before the evening was out it had vanished.

"The Scotland Yard people have investigated the matter—they have sent copies of my enlarged photos of the jewels all over the country—but all without result. They are completely mystified. I tried to dissuade my wife from wearing the necklace to-night—for I fear that it will vanish in some mysterious way or other. She would not hear of leaving it off, however, and the result is that altogether I feel very worried and far from happy. 'Tis all so mysterious. Where have the jewels vanished to? How? Are they stolen? Who would do such a thing? There were no servants near—outside agency is out of the question—and my friends have absolutely no motive for doing such a thing. It is strange beyond doubt. What do you think of it all?"

"Well, I must confess," said Farrell, "it does sound rather a mysterious business; but can I see the dressing-room? That is, if you can spare me another five minutes from the others. If you could manage to bring Lady Kirby too without altogether violating the laws of hospitality—it would be as well. Only make some good excuse, and do not refer openly to this business."

Lord Kirby agreed, and soon returned with his wife. Together they proceeded to the dressing-room. The hasty examination that Farrell made did not appear to yield anything of interest. At last he turned thoughtfully to Lady Kirby and said:

"Are you willing to run a risk? I have an idea that I can help you, but it will involve the temporary loss of your diamond necklace."

Lady Kirby hesitated.

"I don't understand," she said. "What do you mean?"

"Well," answered Farrell, "it comes to this—I want you to really try to lose your necklace, leave it carelessly exposed somewhere, and then trust the rest to me. I know it sounds rather mad, but, believe me, there is a method in my madness. Now, what do you say?"

"It is this that I intend to use as a bait to catch the fish."

Lady Kirby still hesitated; but her husband stepped forward.

"Do as you will, Farrell," said he, "we will put ourselves without reserve into your hands. What do you want us to do?"

Farrell had that tense, subdued expression that was so characteristic of him when he became intensely interested in anything.

"Nothing now," answered he; "but if Lady Kirby will meet me here in half-an-hour's time, I will tell her exactly how to proceed. I should like to run away now, if you will allow me, for I have forgotten an important letter—or rather you can tell the others that—*really*, I want to run round to my laboratory for a thing or two."

With a short laugh he was gone. Husband and wife stood for a moment facing each other with faces of blank bewilderment. Then they joined their guests in the drawing-room.

Within half-an-hour Farrell was back again. He made straight for the dressing-room, and was joined almost immediately by Lady Kirby, whose face expressed no small amount of wonder and curiosity. Farrell took from his pocket a small phial.

"This," he said, with a smile, "is a special alcoholic solution of phenol phthalein; and it is this that I intend to use as a bait to catch the fish."

Lady Kirby's eyes opened wide.

"But I don't understand," she said; "how will that strange named stuff help us? What am I to do?"

Farrell did not answer at once.

The empty jewel-case belonging to the necklace stood open on the table. This Farrell picked up and carefully poured some of the contents of the phial all over the inside velvet, upon which the necklace was supposed to lie.

"It won't hurt it much," said he, as Lady Kirby gave a start of dismay; besides, better that than the necklace, you know. Now I want you to bring your friends up here to-night, exactly as you did on the other occasions when you lost the other jewels. Then, quite casually take your necklace off and put it in here, on the velvet, so that whoever picks it up is bound to touch their fingers on the slightly moist surface. As you put it in I want you to manage to moisten your own fingers.

"No; it isn't poison! It won't hurt you! Don't appear to notice the case once you have left the necklace in it; watch it during the evening as you have the chance, and if it vanishes let me know. Now I think we had better join the others; we have already been away too long. What say you?"

* * * * *

Lady Kirby and her lady friends were in her dressing-room about an hour after Farrell and she had joined the others. They were discussing the latest novelties and the oldest lace. She had laughingly enticed them away from the drawing-room upon some frivolous pretext or other, amidst the loud protests of the men.

She was anxious to try Farrell's plan. Though how it was going to work she could not for the life of her see. It looked like tempting fate; and she half-feared her necklace would take to mysterious flight and baffle even the astute Farrell's endeavours to bring it back.

She was interested, however, in spite of her fears; and, after all, if Farrell—the scientist—the mystic—was so confident, why should she fear? She would do as he had told her.

So, in the midst of her chatter to Lady Vere and Lady Dolly about the latest opera, she calmly removed her necklace, and put it carelessly into the open jewel case. She pressed it down, and felt the tips of her dainty fingers slightly wet against the moistened velvet. She could hardly have told they were wet if she had not specially noticed.

Then she bustled about the room, showing her friends first one dainty piece of finery and then another; yet ever stealing a secret glance at her treasure. The time flew by, and still the case contained its priceless burden. Not yet had it winged its mysterious flight.

At last every pretext for a longer stay was exhausted. Though Lady Kirby fain would stay—she must leave her jewel to its fate.

She reluctantly led the way to the drawing-room, followed by her friends, Lady Dolly bringing up the rear.

Half-way down the stairs, however, Lady Kirby's heart misgave her. What if Farrell should fail? What if he were building his hopes on a false foundation? The thought was agonising. No—she would not risk it. she would go at once, while the necklace was still safe, and would either lock it up or wear it.

Quickly she made an excuse to return and bade the others join the gentlemen in the drawing-room. Up the stairs she flew. How her heat was beating. Never

"Oh, Mary! Mary! forgive me! I haven't stolen them."

Digitized by Google

would she let the precious jewels out of her sight again. How foolish of her to do so now. Across the room she hastened. The jewel-case was still on the table. Thank Heaven! she was in time! Horrors! She gave a tiny shriek of dismay. The jewel-case was *empty*. She had not been away two minutes and yet the necklace had vanished completely. Lady Kirby could have cried with vexation. Controlling herself by a great effort, she ran down to the drawing-room, and at the first opportunity told Farrell in a hurried whisper what had occurred.

Farrell received the news very quietly, and told Lady Kirby to bear up, "it will come right yet," whispered he.

Then aloud he said:

"We have just been discussing spiritualism, my dear Lady Kirby, and I was advancing the opinion that spiritualistic phenomena are far more common than is supposed.

"Now what do you say," said he to the company generally, "if I volunteer to convince you all of this?"

"You would find us interested observers, I venture to say," said Lord Kirby, "even if we are not ready converts. But how do you propose to convince us?"

"Why, my dear fellow, by actually appealing to the testimony of your own eyes, to be sure. See here! I have a small phial"—and he produced one a little bigger than the first he had used—"filled with a so-called 'spiritualistic tincture.' It is supposed to have the peculiar property of revealing those in spiritual sympathy. What I propose is to try it and see for ourselves whether it is true or not. What do you say, shall I do so?"

A chorus of assent came from those around him.

"How delightful!" said one.

"Yes! Quite a spiritualistic *séance!*" echoed Lady Dolly.

Meantime Farrell had requisitioned a large glass bowl—half-filled it with water—and then, amidst the breathless attention of those around him, poured in the spiritualistic tincture.

"Now," said Farrell, "you must each pass before me and put yourselves into vital contact with the liquid, by placing both hands in it—and I warn you"—he laughingly continued—"that those whom the spirits deign to honour, will have some message from the spirit world, which will first be revealed to me, and which I promise in turn to reveal to you.

"Now, Kirby! are you ready? Suppose you open the ball. Ha! you are not one of the spirits 'elected,'" said Farrell, as Lord Kirby removed his hands from the water; "no sign marks you as chosen."

When Lady Kirby's turn came, a slow hush crept over the assembly, for the instant her hands touched the liquid, the tips of her fingers turned a brilliant red. Lady Kirby realised with a start that they were coloured exactly where they had touched the velvet. What did it mean? This, then, was part of Farrell's plan.

"Now, ye incredulous, look and believe!" said Farrell. "We will see first if any others are favoured by the spirits, and then we will try and learn their message."

The only other person affected was Lady Dolly—much to her surprise.

In her case the tips of the fingers and two or three tiny spots in the palm of the right hand turned red.

"However do you do it, Mr. Farrell?" said she; "you *must* tell us."

"You must be patient, Lady Dolly," answered he; "the important part is yet to come. We have yet to learn the spirits' message. Will you two kindly follow me to the library—if the others will pardon our absence—and we will try and give them something interesting when we return."

When they reached the library, Farrell closed the door and then turned and faced them.

"Now, Lady Dorothy," said he, "the message is *not* from the spirit world, but from *me*. I know all. Trifling is useless. *Where are Lady Kirby's diamonds?*"

Had a thunderbolt fallen in their midst—it could not have startled them more. Lady Kirby was speechless. Surely there was some frightful mistake. She looked to Lady Dolly for some explanation, some hot indignant denial. It never came. Lady Dolly, as the hard, cold, cutting words fell from Farrell's lips, turned a deadly white.

Then the colour rushed back in a swift flood to her cheeks, and throwing herself at Lady Kirby's feet, she burst into storm of tears.

"Oh, Mary! Mary! Forgive me! I haven't stolen them," she sobbed; "you know I wouldn't steal them, don't you? But I was jealous of you, Mary—they were so splendid—and I just slipped them into the ventilator, when you were not looking. Oh, Mary! Forgive me!" she moaned. "I only meant it for a time."

Lady Kirby's heart turned to stone; all these weeks of worry, all her husband's care, all through the silly jealousy of this vain girl. Not for long though, did she think thus; her heart soon opened to the miserable girl, and she freely forgave her.

"Dry your tears, dear! It is all a foolish joke!" said she. "Don't think of it any more. Now hush! there's a dear! Why, where is Mr. Farrell?" For he had slipped out as soon as he heard where the jewels were hidden.

He soon returned however with brooch, crescent and necklace in his hand.

Lady Kirby, at the sight of her recovered treasures, uttered a cry of joy.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Farrell! How clever you are! But what about the others? and what about the spiritual *séance*? Wasn't it really a spiritual phenomenon after all?" she cried, all in one breath.

"No; I am very sorry to disappoint you!" said Farrell; "but I am afraid I depended more upon the fact that the slightest trace of phenol phthalein turns red with an alkali, than upon any spiritual agency. The rest of the plot I credit you with ingenuity enough to explain for yourself. What did I put in the water? Oh, common soda solution. An alkali, you see! Yes, that's all! But don't you think we had better join the others in the drawing-room?"

* * * * *

"Well, Farrell, we had almost given you up," said Lord Kirby. "In fact, we began to think the spirits had spirited you all away. Now let's hear the important message, for it must have been *very* important to have kept you all this time."

"It *was* important," said Farrell; "it revealed Lady Kirby's diamonds!" and he held them aloft.

"Marvellous!" they all cried out, when they could find breath enough to speak; but they did not know all.

"I think you had better get something for Lady Dolly," said Farrell; "the strain of the experiment has been great and has tried her considerably."

"Yes; you can empty the bowl, the tincture only acts once!"

Digitized by Google

[Next week: The Secret Explosive.]

FINISHED.

"Was Mrs. Vane's *musicale* interesting?" The query was half-ironical.

"Very! I met a delightful Irish girl. She told me her whole history in twenty minutes."

"I've noticed that confidences always attract you."

Maud Rayburn smiled with raised eyebrows at this. She and Howard Russell was walking very slowly along Kensington High Street. It was a hot August afternoon, and the street was almost deserted. Miss Rayburn's fashionable gown was a cool blue in colour, and she wore a sailor hat primly parallel with her eyebrows. Thus far her attire was conventional, but she allowed herself the liberty of having no gloves in sight, and she made frequent noticeable gestures with her bare jewelled hands.

Her companion's tall figure was slightly stooping, and his smoothly shaven face was full of character and decision. There was apparent in their attitude towards each other, a certain freedom, which only long acquaintance can give, but which had not yet lost its piquancy through too exact knowledge of each other's characteristics.

"Well," remarked Miss Rayburn, at length stooping to defend herself, "why shouldn't I be interested in people's confidences? That's a part of the business of a 'literary sprinter,' as those of my craft are called."

This remark seemed to be convincing, for Howard Russell did not speak for some time. A short, deep cleft became visible between his eyebrows, and he shifted his gaze from the pavement in front of them to a point some distance down the street. At last he broke out:

"I can conceive of nothing more wearisome than eternally examining people from an artistic point of view. The study of character way be necessary to your business——"

"Please call it my art," interrupted Miss Raymond beseechingly.

"But I should think you would feel after a while that you didn't have any of your own. One's own personality must be lost sight of in the everlasting search for mental and moral abnormalities—I'm glad I prefer insects; I think yours is an unhealthy occupation."

"How delightfully frank and unflattering."

She turned a laughing face towards him.

"You are greatly mistaken if you think I'm not interested in myself and my own abnormalities, as you call them. I'm far too egotistical. I have put myself, or rather, parts of me, into a great many of my stories, and I find that by making the most of one characteristic at a time I shall be able to provide myself with material for some years to come. And let me tell you, sir, I will have my revenge for the remarks you've made—I'll put you in a story too."

"With a part of you in it," he jeered. Then his face changed. "No; you are not to do that, Maud."

"Why am I not?"

"Because you wouldn't be able to do justice to your subject; you don't know me so well as you think you do."

"Depths yet unfathomed——"

"I'll own we're good friends, but, my faith! you don't find out the whole of a man in a few walks like this. Especially a woman doesn't. So I think you would be better not to try to make use of me in that way."

"Till I know you better!"

Her eyes were smiling, and her lips; her whole face was awake, animated, full of intense interest. It was the most subtle flattery that look of hers.

"Not then; pardon my egotism. You shall never know me well enough to put me down in pen strokes. Or rather, I hope you will know me too well."

She did not look at him, but at the pansies fastened in her dress, and her smile did not fade.

"You have chosen a horribly cold-blooded way of getting fame," he went on after a moment. "It's worse than the painter's, a thousand times. What's the outside of us, anyhow, to what goes on within? What's a man's face compared to his soul?"

"Perhaps you are unaware," said Miss Rayburn, with considerable amusement, "that you are flattering me tremendously. You forget that I have had too little experience to know much about people's souls."

Digitized by Google

"You have made use of what you've had then. And I didn't intend to flatter you."

"That's the charming part of it!" They had reached her father's house, and she turned away from him, laughing, and ran up the steps. "Are you coming in?"

"No. I didn't know we were here."

He had turned towards her in a bewildered way, and now stood hat in hand, with his foot on the lowest step. She remained poised lightly with her hand on the bell. He did not move; he was looking dreamily down the broad sunny street.

"Well, am I to ring?"

She laughed a little nervously.

"Oh! Yes, of course. I must go."

He waved his straw hat to her, and she made him a prim curtesy. Then she rang the bell, and when the maid opened the door, went straight to her room.

Maud Rayburn's literary success had been a great surprise to her. It had all come with a rush, and now she was enjoying to the full her sense of being work-worthy. She was much *fêted* and flattered, but had not allowed herself to be unduly puffed up thereby. She knew that her work was good; that it had chanced to catch popular fancy was her happiness; that it filled her purse she had no need to care.

On coming into her room after her walk with Howard Russell, she wandered about rather aimlessly for a few minutes, flung her hat on a festooned bed in an alcove, glanced at a clock on the mantelpiece, and finally sat down before her dressing-table, propped her face on her hands and looked fixedly at herself in the glass.

It reflected a piquant little visage, topped by a knot of light-brown hair, eyes bright and dark, a chin firm and pointed, a mouth red and sensitively curved. Its owner addressed her reflection severely, with all that mental unreserve in which women feel it a luxury to indulge.

"What you need," she said to herself, "is more experience. You've had a good deal, you know, in scraps. But what you want and what you must have before you can do your best work, is the one—big—thing that will take you mentally off your feet and upset your equilibrium. And you don't want it wholly for the sake of your work, either."

She paused, and after a moment the reflection in the glass began to grow softly pink. She got up and began brushing her hair vigorously.

Howard Russell walked slowly down the street, his hands clasped behind him, while his eyes, trained in the habits of the naturalist, were fixed thoughtfully on the ground. What his reflections were it would not have been wholly easy to conjecture. As he walked on, hardly noticing where his steps were leading him, the narrow cleft between the eyebrows grew deeper and deeper, the curves of the lips became more and more rigid, even the chin seemed to grow firmer in its outline. The whole face became expressive of a settled purpose, but a purpose devoid of any hope of fulfilment.

"Pansies, sir?"

A ragged and dispirited-looking urchin held up a bunch of purple blossoms without much evident expectation of finding a purchaser in the abstract individual who was approaching. But some spell seemed to break at the sound of the boy's shrill voice. As Russell started and then came to a standstill in front of him, the *gamin's* keen eyes lighted up and a half-suppressed grin illumined his smutty countenance.

Russell took the flowers, dropped a coin into the boy's small paw, and walked on. Perhaps it was something in the pansies' cheerful little faces that brought a softer curve to the stern lips. He looked about him. Above, the smiling sky; all about, the glow of the summer sunshine; a flickering on the pavement, a mosaic of elm-branch shadows; down the street, a group of children at play; in the window of a house opposite, a baby leaping and crowing in its mother's arms.

"Till I know you better!"

His head and even his shoulders went back suddenly; still holding the pansies tenderly he walked down the street, all the vigour of young manhood in his sturdy, swinging step—all the hope of youth and strength and love in his eyes.

* * * * *

Miss Rayburn took Mr. Russell's card from the maid who brought it, and went downstairs immediately after the glance in the mirror which she would not have been a woman if she had been able to forego. She found her visitor in the cool library. He rose as she came in, and she saw that he had been turning the pages of a new magazine.

"What is that?" she asked, as he laid it down to take her hand.

"It's the *Mirror*," he replied. "Of course you know it has one of your stories in it?"

"No; I did not. It must be just out."

"I bought it as I came along. I haven't had time to read it; I was just cutting the leaves as you came down."

"It must be a story I sent them in April," she said indifferently, sinking into a low chair and opening a fan. "How warm it is. Doesn't it enervate one completely, this stifling atmosphere?"

He stared at her.

"Well, you are the coolest——"

"Indeed, I'm not," she interrupted flippantly.

"Don't you want to see this?" Russell's tone was cross; he really felt vexed at her indifference. "They've had Hobson do the pictures—three of 'em. You're actually sated with fame!"

She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"Not till they put 'This number contains Miss Rayburn's story So-and-So,' on the cover." Then, leaning forward, "Show it me, please."

He took a chair nearer hers, and they turned the pages together.

"What exquisite pictures! Oh, dear, they've done better by it than it deserves!"

Suddenly she started, and then turned upon him eyes full of delightful surprise.

"Why, it's 'Finished!'" she exclaimed. "It must be that it just filled some gap or it couldn't have come out so soon as this. Do you know I wrote that story the evening after we had that last walk together? I sat up till two o'clock to finish it."

Russell turned the last page.

"Is it a love story?" he asked, apparently for no reason at all.

For no reason at all she blushed.

"You know I never write them," she said. "No, it's not a love story; it simply leads up to that."

"Leads up to it?"

"Why, yes. Here, read the end of it. The hero and heroine have been friends for a long time, and she's rich and he's poor. She thinks he loves her, and waits for him to speak, and he never does."

"Why?"

Russell looked steadily into her dark eyes as she leant forward, playing with her fan. His own were blue, but at this moment they looked black.

"The story does not say."

There was a note of haughtiness in her voice, and she looked away from him to pick up her handkerchief, which had slipped from her lap to the floor.

"Then why do you call it 'Finished'?"

His voice sounded unnatural even to himself.

"Because it was the end—for her."

She leant back in her chair and began flicking the edge of the fan against her palm.

"Then she loved him?"

"Well, as to that—she thought she did—but——"

She had clasped her arms behind her head and was looking straight at him from the little distance to which she had withdrawn. He leant towards her quickly, and as she dropped her hands to her lap he caught them in his.

"No—no, it was not the end!" he cried hoarsely. "Maud, let me teach you to finish the story!"

His voice was passionate and trembling; she watched him curiously for an instant and then drew away her hands.

"Mr. Russell, I am sorry!" she said.

He sprang to his feet and stood before her.

"Then it is true? You do not care for me?"

"No; not in the way you mean."

She saw his face change and darken, she saw his clenched hands and the veins upon the forehead. She watched the struggle with the keen look of the vivisectionist in her bright eyes. She did not know that she was cruel, for at that moment her womanhood had disappeared in the uncaring zeal of the artist. And in the bitterness of his pain he saw that look.

When he spoke again his voice had found a note that she had never before heard in it.

"At least," he said, "I have been the means of teaching you something in your cruel craft. You do not know me as you think you know me, but you do know that I can love; I have shown you that. Go on, now, and finish your story, for I have taught you, after all. The hero has declared himself!"

* * * * *

It was a warm August day, and the ocean was so dazzling that Howard Russell moved his chair round and sat facing the laundry arrangements in the little yard at the end of the verandah. The Sea View was not a first-class hotel, but Howard Russell was poor. He filled his pipe and settled himself to the enjoyment of a fresh, uncut magazine. As he slit the pages with his penknife, now and then stopping to read a bit, a name caught his eye. It was the title at the head of a story, and it was "Finished."

"Plagiarism, I call it," he muttered to himself.

It was not plagiarism, after all, for the name at the end was Maud Stillwell Rayburn, but the story was the story of a happy love. Russell read it slowly to the end. When he had done he let the magazine drop from his listless fingers to the floor.

"She understands now!" he thought wearily.

Elsie Franks.

A RUNNING FIGHT.

He was at last on his way to take part in the ball to which he had looked forward so eagerly, but as the hansom carried him swiftly to his destination, his thoughts wandered away to another place, and a feeling of dread began to creep over him.

His mind went back several months to another scene in which there were three actors, and he was one. It was outside a theatre, the lights at the entrance falling on a carriage; a man stood at the door of the carriage saying good-bye to its two occupants. His words rang in Harry Gait's ears as though they were being uttered at that very moment.

"Good-bye, Nellie!" Oh, the tenderness of that adieu! "It seems a strange spot to say farewell for months, but"—he stopped, hesitating, almost bashful—"we said 'good-bye' this afternoon!" Another pause, during which his loving gaze remained fixed upon her pretty face; then Benton aroused himself and turned to the other occupant, his friend, Harry Gait. "Take care of her for me, old fellow! I intrust her to you while I am away, and I know that you will watch over her, for the sake of our life-long friendship! I know I can trust her to you!"

He held out his hand, then drew it back hastily to brush away a tear that had forced its way to his eye. The next instant, as if ashamed of the weakness he was unable to hide, he turned and strode away.

It all came back so vividly to Gait that it made him shut his teeth hard. The play was one that Nellie had wished to see, and Benton had promised to take her before he left to take up his appointment in the South of France, but the date of production had been altered, and thus it came to pass that their last evening was spent at the theatre in company with Gait, for Benton insisted

Digitized by Google

on keeping his promise, and he had to catch the midnight train.

* * * * *

The cabman pulled the horse up with a jerk outside the brilliantly-lighted house, and Harry Gait returned to his immediate surroundings with a start. In a few minutes he was walking across the floor of the ball room towards the girl who had sat by his side in the carriage.

"I must apologise, Miss Carton! I am late—after all!" The last two words were not uttered.

"Did you think that my ball was like a bundle of old clothes, to be left aside till called for?" she asked lightly. Yet there was a trace of disappointment in her voice that struck him, although she herself was unconscious of it.

"I fear that I delayed in my coming," he began, remembering how he had hesitated outside after dismissing the cab. "I was—asked to give advice. I may have this waltz? I see it is not taken." He scribbled his initials against the number.

"How interesting!" She tried to hide the happy light in her bewitching eyes as he passed his arms about her, and they whirled along the floor to the strains of a dreamy waltz. "Advice about what?"

"I had to advise a man against running into danger." His voice was grave.

"How solemn!" she exclaimed. She was curious and pressed the subject. "Danger of what?"

"Of colliding with another couple!" returned Harry more gaily, as he dexterously avoided a collision. "I shall spoil your reputation as a dancer to-night, if I am not careful."

Nellie Carton laughed, and remained silent during the rest of the waltz; but she did not forget. As Gait drew her into a recess with an open window, through which the fragrance of late spring was wafted by the gentle night breeze, she returned to the subject.

"What danger?" But curiosity had given place to wistfulness; she began to understand vaguely. She looked into his eyes and was constrained to turn towards the window.

"What danger?" she asked again.

"The danger of being a—thief, and causing great loss to a friend who trusts him implicitly!"

She glanced at him with a half-mystified, half-comprehending look—the look of one who is afraid to understand.

"The loss of——" She stopped abruptly; then added suddenly: "The loss of property, of course, since you speak of a thief?" She felt relieved that her first suspicion was incorrect.

"No!" was the blunt reply, cruel to both in its brevity. "The loss of the girl he loves! I had to warn and reason with the—thief!"

She started, and grew pale as she made a gesture of protest.

"What cruel words you use!" she exclaimed passionately. "And the girl—I suppose you would call her a traitor?"

"I ought, if she did not advise the thief to run from the danger."

"Run?" she queried anxiously. "Ah! Is that what you advised him to do?"

"The thief?" The words came fiercely from his lips and she shuddered. "Yes; I told him to run and fight the temptation to betray a trust."

"But perhaps it is all a mistake; I mean, perhaps the original possession was all a mistake. Or perhaps——" A half-sob cut short her almost incoherent utterance.

His heart beat violently as he gazed ardently at her averted face; he wanted to see the look in her eyes, to learn whether she advised the would-be thief to run from danger.

"Oh!" she murmured—almost moaned. "If all three could run!"

She moved her head, so that their eyes met again. A great impulse came over him to catch her in his arms and press her to his breast, and for an instant it seemed as if she would lift her arms to be taken; but at that moment there came to them the awakening music of a song, set to waltz time, that brought to both the vision of a man hundreds of miles distant, a man who was working cheerfully and looking forward to the time when he could claim the girl he had been compelled to leave and whom he had intrusted to his friend's care. It was a favourite song of Benton's, and the girl's eyes filled with tears. She had sung it for him many times.

"It is not cowardly to run, sometimes!" she said softly. "It gives time to think, to find out whither one is drifting. I wonder whether any early roses are blooming in the warm south?"

All the passion died away within him, and he exerted a mighty effort in order to speak calmly.

"I shall soon see. I am going there."

"You are going there; to see—Willie?" Her face paled; he noticed it in the dim light; it had been crimson a few seconds before.

"Nellie, he asked me to take care of you for him, and I was—— I mean I am afraid that this night air may give you cold. Let me take you to another seat before I say good-night. You have lost a dance or two."

"You have lost them also," she remarked, trying to keep her voice steady, as they walked into the light, unconscious of the significant glances shot at them.

"I have lost more than the dances, but I have saved something. Will you have this seat?"

"I will tell Willie how good you have been," said Nellie confusedly. "I am——"

"*I* will tell him how good I have been, if need be!"

He took the rose with which she was toying, and pressed it to his lips. And then she found herself alone.

* * * * *

It was during the afternoon of the second day after the ball that Harry Gait received the heartiest of welcomes from Willie Benton in the pretty house which he was occupying.

"I am really glad to see you, old fellow!" cried Benton rapturously. "It's very good of you to come down here to have a look at me. Now, what do you think of the house? Not large, of course, but I think it will be big enough for us two, don't you? Nellie and I, of course," he added, as if he feared that Harry might not understand aright. "I don't think she will mind giving up a little till I get promoted, I promised to marry her in a year, you know, and the time is running short, and I haven't got on so well as I expected. But I am tiring you! Sit down and—tell me the news."

Harry Gait sat down in a comfortable wicker-chair and smiled at his friend's pleasure at receiving a visit.

"I shall want you to tell me whether you think I have hit her taste in furnishing, old fellow. You know her taste, and you are a better judge than I. Er—how is she?" He fidgeted nervously with the flap of his coat-pocket.

"I left her quite well," returned Gait, and it was fortunate that Benton did not notice the forced lightness of tone. "But tell me of yourself. Is the house-furnishing complete?"

Digitized by Google

Benton flushed; he fancied that Gait had already observed the paucity of furniture.

"Y-e-s. We can add as we go on, you see. The hangings are pink; that was her favourite colour, wasn't it? I have tried to get things that will be in accordance with her liking. That chair is for her; it's comfortable, isn't it? Yes? That's good!" With a sigh of relief. "The view out through that window is a pretty one, but it's getting dark now. This is to be her part of the house. Really, my dear Harry, I must apologise for not having a cigar to offer you, but the fact is, I didn't expect you, and I've—er—given up smoking for the present."

"Don't mention it! I neglected to fill my own case, but I can do without a smoke for one evening. But what has made you give up the weed?"

Benton flushed crimson.

"I'll be honest with you, old fellow. I am saving all I can so as to get a comfortable home for her. I suppose you saw that my clothes were shabby, but I am making the most of everything," blurted out Benton. "I have wondered lately whether I ought to ask her to come here," he continued, rather sadly. "And I have thought other things. Harry, I am glad you are here, for I have something to tell you."

"And I have something to tell you, Will! But let me hear your thoughts first."

"Wait a second; I must send a message." Benton went out of the room, but speedily returned and seated himself opposite his friend.

The light, which was fading, fell on Benton's face, but Gait remained discreetly in the shadow.

In the meantime Gait was running over the three arguments that he had been revolving in his mind ever since the ball. Perhaps it was all a mistake from the beginning! Nellie's words haunted him. Nellie could love him and give up Benton if he pressed his suit; and if Benton agreed, then there would be no question of either thief or traitor. He had not told her the real reason of his sudden determination to go south to see Benton.

On the other hand, if he passed out of her life, she would be happy with Will. It was just a case of drifting into love, and if the drifting were stopped, then—well, he believed that she would not suffer; it had not gone far enough for that with her. And with himself? So he had come to Benton to put it plainly before him.

Benton's devotion to Nellie was so apparent that it had chilled the warm hopes of Gait. Now, what was he going to say?

"I have been rather discouraged down here," began Benton nervously. "I expected a better income, as I am partly paid on the yield of the mine, but the yield has disappointed me up till now. So I have been wondering whether Nellie will care to come here. Then, you see, your letters—hers and yours—have sent me off on the wrong track; when a man is disheartened, he is ready to see trouble everywhere. You two are such congenial people—you suit each other so well—and you, old fellow, can give her far more pleasure and comfort than I can."

Gait drew a deep breath; silently, not to attract the attention of Benton, who was staring vacantly through the window. Those were his own arguments, uttered by the man he wished to oust. But there was a greater argument yet; would it also come?

A knock at the door, which Benton answered. He returned to his seat, holding out a small packet of cigars.

"I could not bear to look so cheap as to make you go without a cigar, Harry, so I sent for some," he said apologetically. "Light up!"

A pang of remorse shot through Gait; his friend's inherent goodness was so evident.

"There is another thing," resumed Benton, taking his seat once more and speaking in a low tone. "When two people are thrown together and their tastes are so much alike, there is always the chance of—their drifting—into love. And that was what, in my discouraged condition, here by myself, I thought might happen!"

Gait drew another deep breath and waited. Strange that Benton should have followed the same line of thought! And at what conclusion had Benton arrived? Gait dared not trust himself to speak.

"But as soon as I saw you here," continued Benton more lightly, "I knew that I was wrong!" Gait's cigar dropped from his fingers, but he quickly picked it up. "I was wrong to suppose it of you, Harry," he added contritely. "I know how true a friend you are! And I have the greatest confidence in Nellie!" (proudly). "She often heard of you from me before she saw you, and she openly expresses her admiration of you in her letters!"

"And have you written those ideas of yours to her in any of your letters?" inquired Gait.

"Not a word!" cried Benton hastily. "She would have thought me a jealous idiot and ungenerous to her and you. I ought to know that she would not swerve from me, and that a man of your character does not forget himself so far as to drift into love with the girl who is affianced to his friend. I was an idiot! But I tell you, Harry, that I would have said 'Heaven bless you both,' even if my silly suspicions had proved true, and you had come here to tell me so! Still, I admit that it is easier to say the words when I am not required to say them!" And Benton laughed happily.

The night was gathering; the moon shed its feeble light into the room so that Gait could discern the joy on his friend's countenance, and he was glad that he was in the shade and Will Benton could not see how pale and haggard his face had become. He knew it was pale and haggard; he felt that it was, for it was so cold and the muscles so strained.

"But you said that you had something to tell me," said Benton, after a pause. "What is it?"

"I have brought this rose from her," responded Gait unsteadily, taking the flower with its wrapping of wadding from his breast pocket and handing it to Benton, who reverently raised it to his lips. "I think she will come here as soon as you want her, Will; and I would ask her soon, for I am going abroad and shall not be able to look after her for you. That is what I wanted to tell you."

"Abroad!" echoed Benton. "Rather sudden, isn't it?"

"Yes," came the reply, slowly and thoughtfully. "I feel bound to go."

"Well, old fellow, I'm sorry—pressing business, I suppose? But I'm glad you came to see me and make me happy before running away."

Running away! Gait started as if stung, but quickly recovered himself.

"Yes, I'm running away." Under his breath he murmured: "One does not often save one's reputation by running away; but in my case it is my only chance!"

Geo. Day.

Digitized by Google

"LOVINGLY, CAROLYN."

CAROLYN was writing letters. It was her day for correspondence.

Being possessed just now of a fad for the orderly and systematic arrangement of all her actions, she made it a point to map out beforehand her duties and diversions for each ensuing week. Consequently she had "days" for things.

Carolyn's personality scarcely suggested a temperament much given to prim or rigid performance of obligations.

Wide hazel eyes and a dimple in the chin do not particularly denote an unduly precise or grimly methodical nature.

Carolyn had shut herself in her room, giving orders that she was not to be disturbed. Quite a little pile of letters confronted her. Letters from cousins, aunts, girl friends, and—others. Carolyn paused as she took from the pile a certain one of those—others. It was addressed in an erratic masculine hand. A pair of pretty brows puckered over the hazel eyes and the lips pouted distinctly as Carolyn read the letter for—well, not for the first time since its arrival.

The pile was diminishing in a most satisfactory manner. Carolyn had almost reached the last—that dreaded last one which would require such concentrated effort in answering—when there came a sound of light, hurried footsteps, and an imperative rap on the door.

"Let me in, you sinner!" It was Rilla Chadbourne's voice.

"Oh, it's you, Rilla!" The key turned in the lock.

"Now, I'd just like to know," demanded Rilla, throwing herself at once into her favourite chair, "what all this is about? Days for correspondence, indeed! Can't be disturbed! Well, you've got to be disturbed, so there. You've got to go to lunch with me and shopping afterwards. I've arranged it all in my own mind and I won't take 'No' for an answer."

"Gracious, Rilla, your unexpectedness is something terrible. Why didn't you let me know?"

"Because I couldn't, that's all. So get ready——"

"But I must write one more letter."

"Who to?" questioned Rilla, ungrammatically, conscious of privileged rights as Carolyn's chum.

"Why—it's to my professor."

"Carolyn, you little terror, are you encouraging that man? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? No wonder you blush. I'll tell you now you can't do any trifling with Prof. Lewis MacDowell. He's dreadfully in earnest. He thinks you mean everything you say, or look or write!"

"I haven't looked a thing or said a thing! I've treated him abominably," protested Carolyn.

"Then this letter can wait."

"Oh, no, I must write it now; I should have written yesterday, you see."

"Then hurry!" commented Rilla.

Carolyn sat down and hurried accordingly, Rilla talking at intervals. The letter, with its accompanying interruptions are as follows:

"My dear Friend.—Your most delightful letter was received and I (oh, please don't, Rilla, I must get this just right—you know he's a professor) trust you will permit me to express my appreciation of your most interesting and able remarks. (Wait just a minute, Rilla). I sometimes wish I possessed a deeper and (Oh! Rilla, I'm stuck! It's so hard to answer such scholarly letters. No—don't say a word—I've got it!) keener insight into the beautiful philosophy of which you write so (let me see) earnestly and wisely. People call me superficial, but indeed, sometimes I have thoughts which (I am hurrying! Please don't talk) I am sure are below the surface of things. You somehow help me to think truer and deeper. (Rilla, will you stop?) Yes, you may come on Wednesday evening. I shall look forward to seeing you. (Yes, I'm ready, Rilla—just a minute)——"

Rilla clapped her hands authoritatively. "Enough, enough. Now sign your name. No—you shan't read it over—it's all right. Seal that letter up at once, do you hear? There! now, do hurry and dress."

As Carolyn fluttered about the room, donning her outdoor things, she fretted not a little over the letter.

"Oh, dear, I ought to have read it, Rilla. He's so correct, and if there should be mistakes——"

"Nonsense! If you don't stop that worrying habit, you'll be old before your time. Come on now, are you ready?"

The next day a huge box of lovely roses came for Miss Carolyn Winterburn. Her eyes danced.

"Oh, what dreams they are! I suppose dear old Phil sent them, he's such a——"

But the name on the card was that of Lewis MacDowell.

Carolyn gasped. "Such an unheard of thing for him to do! He's—progressing."

On Wednesday evening he appeared promptly at eight. The roses had disconcerted Carolyn and she was conscious of distinct embarrassment when she went forward to greet him.

"It was so—so good of you," he murmured. His voice was actually husky. "I've been treasuring it ever since."

"Treasuring what?" stammered Carolyn.

"That—that letter."

"Oh, you liked it, then?"

"Liked it! How can you doubt it? I've been in Heaven ever since." This certainly sounded amazingly unlike the customary formal observations of Prof. Lewis MacDowell.

"I'm sure I don't—don't understand you in the least!"

"Then you—you didn't mean it?"

"Mean what? What did I say?"

"There!" he cried, and pointed to the closing lines. "Didn't you mean that?"

She looked and read:

"You somehow help me to think truer and deeper. Yes, you may come on Wednesday evening. I shall look forward to seeing you. Lovingly, CAROLYN."

The girl's cheeks were crimson. "Oh, it's all a mistake! How could you think I would! Rilla was in the room—I was in a hurry—and—oh, I didn't mean it, I assure you! It's all a dreadful mistake!"

"All a mistake? Then I—I was wrong! And there isn't any—any hope for me, after all!"

Carolyn laughed softly. A bewildering light flashed in the hazel eyes.

"Men are so stupid!" she murmured. "I didn't say that, did I?"

ARTHUR AGNEW.

Digitized by Google

HER PROFESSION.

"You don't seem a bit glad to see me, and I thought that you'd meet me with open arms." Miss Alice Martin—Gladys Forbes it was on the bill-boards—made up a most delectable pout as she shook hands with Austin on the station platform. Austin tried to summon up a light smile, and ended by glaring fiercely at the trunks and scenery, and other trappings and appurtenances of *The Lost Girl* company that were dumped from the luggage van.

"I am glad to see you, very glad, but the sight of all that makes me hot," and he waved his hand comprehensively to include not only the unoffending luggage, but the rest of the company grouped about the perspiring and voluble manager.

"All that! Do you know, sir, that you are insulting my bread and butter? Do you realise that as the leading lady of the only company possessing the exclusive dramatic rights to that great drama, *The Lost Girl*, I am entitled to some consideration, professional if not personal?" and she swept him a mocking courtesy. The man recognised the bit of oratory with a very brief smile.

"Come, my cousin, do not bend your brows so fiercely upon me. You were not wont to treat me so in the old days. Time was when you were merry as a summer's day, and danced down the hours as lightly as the aspen leaf fluttering in the sunlight. But now your face is dark and stern and your look holds a brooding menace. Do you think it right to treat your long-lost cousin so?" And she made a gay pretence of begging for mercy, while her eyes danced with laughter.

"For Heaven's sake, Alice——"

"'For my sake' would be more like the gay cavalier I used to know," interrupted his tormentor.

"Drop that blank verse style of speech, Alice. You sound like a historical novel. Forget the stage for a few minutes, if you can, and listen to me."

"Another lecture," the girl heaved a deep sigh of sham resignation. "You might, at least, be taking me in the direction of my hotel. I've no call to be wasting all my time."

"Alice, you impudent little wretch, I'd like to shake you."

"You can't, at least, not till you get me to my hotel. I don't know my way about your town, so you're free to insult me to your heart's content for the next quarter of an hour. Then I may get the manager to thrash you for me."

"I beg your pardon, little girl. I didn't mean to hurt you, but I suppose it did sound rude. But, Alice, I want only your own good."

"Oh, yes," she cried out, impatiently. "My own good! How many times have I heard that in my life! My nurse used to say it when she gave me rhubarb and castor oil. My governess said it when she set me long French exercises to write because I preferred the open air and the sunshine to the stuffy schoolroom and the stupid books. Why, when papa died, and my heart was nearly broken, the minister told me that my sorrow was all for the chastening of my spirit. And now you tell me that you insult me and my profession in order that you may prove to me how ardently you desire my highest happiness."

There was no mistaking the indignation that shone in the blue eyes. Every feature of her and every line of her figure were eloquent of injured womanhood and dignity.

"No, no! You misunderstand me. I protest I meant no slight to you or to your profession. Knowing you, I should be the last man in the world to speak a word or think a thought that was not full of respect and honour for you. And your profession is a good one, too—a noble one, sometimes; but for you—Alice, don't you see what I mean? Can't you understand how it cuts me to see you buffeted about the country from town to town in the company of people who are not fit to look at you in the street, much less to travel in the same 'bus with you. And then to think of you night after night exhibiting your talents to a houseful of grinning and applauding idiots."

"Do you mean that they are idiots to applaud me?" Her tone was calm but dangerous.

"Saints forbid! They'd be raving lunatics and paralytics to boot if they didn't. But I don't like the thought of the whole business. You were made for things so infinitely better—finer."

"Yes, starving, for instance. How would you like the thought of that? Consider it for a moment. A lonely garret, a pallet of straw in the corner on which lies a pallid, emaciated girl, bearing faint traces of her early freshness and beauty, the cold moon peeping in at the window—I wonder why the moon is always cold when it peeps through garret windows—a fireless grate—fancy a grate in a garret—and so on, and so on, and so on."

"Come, Alice, be serious. I may not see you again for a long time."

"Therefore you must be as rude as possible in the shortest space of time. Are editors always rude? Is it a habit they acquire from their playful bouts with the esteemed contemporary in the next street, or the next county, or the next somewhere else?"

"But to think of you having to earn your living."

"Don't think of it, then, if it causes you so much pain," this very sharply. "I'm sure I never asked you to. You are not only insulting, but unjust as well, and very silly. Why shouldn't I earn my own living? Am I any less, or more, than human? I must live, and, therefore, I must work. Papa left me nothing but his blessing and the memory of the happiest, most care-free girlhood that ever was lived in this dull old world. When I found that I must work I took stock of my few poor talents. I might have taken in washing, or gone out as a charwoman, but the thought of my poor hands red and swollen filled me with dismay. How would you like to see me with my hands in a wash-tub?"

Austin was calmer and more nearly master of himself than before. "Depend on whose tub it was."

Miss Alice scented danger and diverted the attack. "A friend of papa's knew Mr Crufts, the manager, and got me a little part—such a little part. I had to dust the parlour furniture and say 'Yes'm' and 'No'm' and then courtesy in a way that threatened to dislocate my spinal column and run out. But I persevered and I studied and I got a better part. It was dreadfully hard work. I cried myself to sleep more times than I shall ever confess, but work conquers all things, or something of that sort, and here I am. Not rich, not even successful, but making enough to buy my gowns and now and then a hat."

"But, Alice, don't you ever get tired of it? Don't you want—it's an awfully hard life for a girl knocking about the country."

"Get tired of it. Of course I do, being human. Don't you get tired of writing editorials sometimes?"

"Oh, yes. Lots of other people get tired of them, too."

"I think there are times when all of us, even the best, hate the very sight of the goose that lays the golden eggs for us. But this is my profession. I'm beginning to know it and I'm proud of it—yes, proud of it. Why shouldn't I be? And will you please tell me what else I am to do? Will you give me a place on your newspaper? Will you teach me to write editorials? Or, perhaps, you would like me to draw the fashion plates. I'm sure it wouldn't matter how I drew them, for no woman ever looked or dressed like those creatures, even on the stage."

They were very near the hotel, and Austin felt that he must have appeared anything but impressive to this tantalising bit of femininity at his side. He spoke quickly lest she should escape him before he had said what was in his heart. "There is a place I have to offer you, Alice, but it isn't in my office. It's in my home. You must know, surely you know how I feel."

The girl stopped and drew back from him a step. "So-o! That is why you have spoken so disparagingly of my work. You thought to make it seem small in my eyes; to show me how little it was worth to myself or to anyone else." Austin lifted his hand appealingly and stepped forward. She drew back a pace.

"No. Don't speak to me. Don't look at me." She laughed in a quick, angry fashion. "How you must have been praising yourself as we came along for your adroitness and, above all, for your charity and your sublime self-sacrifice. Well, you have failed. I love my work and I shall keep at it in spite of your thoughtful pity. If I ever marry any man, Mr. James Austin, it will be because he comes to me in some other guise than as a home for incompetent and discouraged actresses."

She ran up the hotel steps leaving him dismayed, and almost cowed by her contempt and bitter scorn. When he recovered his power of speech he reviled the stage in all the terms of objurgation at his command and went back to his office.

The audience at the theatre that night included all the town who were not bankrupt or bedridden, but it did not contain Mr. James Austin. That gentleman sat gloomily at his desk pretending to work.

The play was in the full swing of the third act. The villain had been repulsed by the heroine and was preparing to carry her away to his mountain fastness. There are no mountain fastnesses in England really, but the exigencies of the legitimate drama demand them for the third act, and the exigencies must have their way.

Miss Martin stood in the wings near the stage-door, waiting for her cue to go on. It was a warm night in early autumn, and the door was wide open. A knot of stage-hands stood about, some within and some without the door. The sound of hurrying feet outside caught her ear, and she turned her head as a boy came running up the street and stopped at the door.

"What's up, boy?" a man inquired casually. "You seem to be in a hurry."

"Mr. Austin's been shot!" The girl inside started forward with a low cry that no one in the startled group heard.

"Austin shot!" "When?" "Who did it?"

"Don't know. Nobody knows. He was settin' at his desk 'n' somebody shot 'im through the window 'n' he fell over dead, quick as that!"

The boy described the editor's fall in a realistic pantomime.

Alice felt the solid earth reel beneath her feet. Her eyes were wide and staring, and her heart was clutched in a cold grasp. Jim dead! Her cousin whom she had known ever since she had known anything. The boy who had carried her books and brought her birds' eggs, and bright pebbles from the beach, and all the other tokens of a boy's affection. Jim! The man who had been her hero when he had thrown up his position on a great newspaper, because he held his own convictions higher than his salary, and had buried himself in this sleepy country town where he at least had freedom to speak out what he thought without the fear of offending some rich advertiser choking the words in his throat.

Jim! Who had offered her that night the love of a heart that had always hungered for her.

And then at last she knew what had before been only a vague, unspoken possibility, a shadowy dream of the future—that it was Jim she had loved, more than her pride, more than her profession, more than her life. It was strange that in the midst of the pain and the grief that shut her in, the realisation that she knew her own heart was very sweet to her.

A touch on her shoulder aroused her. It was the manager.

"What is the matter? Why don't you go on? Hughes has given you your cue three times and the house will begin to think there's something wrong."

Yes, she must go on. Jim was dead and her heart

was broken, but she must play her part. The stage is not so different from real life, after all. The audience never knew that night that every fibre in the body of the actress, whose grace and charm they applauded vociferously, throbbed with keenest pain for the cousin and lover lying dead. She said her lines, how she never knew. The stage was a dim blur in her eyes and the audience was far beyond the range of her consciousness.

The curtain fell and she found herself in the tiny corner partitioned off for the star's dressing-room. As she changed her costume for the street gown her mind was made up. She would see Jim that night, at once. His dead body, at least, should have the comfort of the presence that had been denied him living.

But where had they taken him? Some one could tell her at the office, surely. A stage-hand told her the way with a curious look on his face, and she hurried through the quiet streets. Her mind was keenly alive now to her loss. Jim was dead. Jim, who had always stood to her for everything alive and human, pulsing with energy and ambition. The man who that afternoon had offered her the love of a warm, thrilling heart, was a cold, senseless lump of clay.

The windows of the newspaper office were bright and through them came the thump and whirl of presses. Unfeeling wretches to be so busy and unconcerned when the master mind of them all was still. She pushed open the first door and stood before the cashier's desk.

"Where have they taken him—Mr. Austin?"

The cashier stared. "They haven't taken him anywhere, miss. He's upstairs in his office where he always is at night."

"Where he always is!" Was their business of life then so urgent that it could not stand still for one short hour while they paid a small tribute of care and attention to him? She climbed the stairs with trembling limbs and a heart that seemed as cold and dead in her bosom as his that the murderer's bullet had stilled forever.

The door at the top marked "Managing Editor" stood partly open, and from within came the sound of loud voices and then a laugh. For a moment her grief was overmastered by her indignation. Was it—he—in there? She, at least, could sorrow for him.

She pushed the door back and stood on the threshold, and saw—Jim, alive and sound as ever, sitting at his desk and listening carelessly to a grimy, tousled man, whose face and hands bore evidences of much contact with ink and glue. The blood rushed to her heart and the lights danced around her in a mad, bacchanalian whirl. She put out her hand to find support, and then Jim saw her.

"Why, Alice! What is it? Why are you here?" The grimy man looked and grinned. Jim hurried forward and grasped her hands. At the sound of his voice and the touch of his hands the warm blood coursed through all her veins again, and she gasped at the heat that filled her.

"Oh, Jim!" And she clutched his hands tighter. "I thought—they said—you were dead; that some one had shot you."

He laughed a great laugh of comprehension. "So you heard that, did you? Why, little girl, he never touched me. Some crazy fool did take a shot at me through the window, but it was just by way of an emphatic reply to one of my editorials. All the harm he did was to smash a pane of glass and punch a hole in the ceiling. He's cooling his heels in the lock-up now."

She sat down suddenly in the chair at her elbow. Human nerves are like engines—apt to run wild when the load is suddenly taken off. Her heart was beating like a steam-hammer and her brain was in a whirl.

"What must you think of me? I was so frightened, and I expected to find—to find you——" she broke off with a shudder and shut her eyes.

"You expected to find a mangled corpse, and instead you find me alive and disgustingly healthy. Are you disappointed?"

"Don't Jim, please. I can't bear to hear—to joke—about it—to think about it. It was too horrible. I thought I should die." He looked at her curiously, a new light dawning in his eyes.

"Are you sure it was only cousinly affection that brought you here?" He awaited her answer breathlessly. The grimy man had retired, like the sensible individual that he was, and the office was empty of all save those two. The girl studied the floor and the tips of her shoes long and carefully. Then she lifted her eyes slowly to his face.

"I never said it was, Jim, dear."

"And how about your profession, sweetheart?" he inquired, after a well-spent interval.

"My profession is here, with you—wherever you are. I didn't know it this afternoon, but to-night taught me what I might have known all my life—what an empty, hopeless thing life would be without you. I'm only a woman, after all, Jim."

Albert Britt.

Refreshing Candour.

Guest: "Isn't my dinner ready yet?" New Waiter: "Oh, certainly; it was ready yesterday. It is just being warmed up a little."

Not Her Own Foot.

Lady (on leaving crowded carriage): "Well, I'm glad to get out of the crowd. I've had to stand on one foot all the way." Voice from the Corner: "Yes, and that foot was mine."

Sisters.

Livingston: "I didn't know that you and Miss Featherspray were so well acquainted." Nina: "Oh, yes; we are distantly related." Livingston: "How?" Nina: "We have both promised to be sisters to the same young man."

About Kissing.

He: "My dear cousin, I assure you I would never dare rob those sweet lips of a kiss." She: "Oh, you hypocrite! Didn't you make an attempt of that character the other day?" He: "Never. Far from having any intention of robbing you of a kiss, I was trying to give you one."

Why the Goods were Broken.

Pat Malony was nailing a box which he intended sending by rail. It was essential that the box should not be inverted during the passage, and a friend ventured to suggest to Pat to write conspicuously on the case: "This side up, with care." A few days afterwards, seeing Pat, he asked: "Heard any more about your goods? Did they get there safely?" "Every one of them broke," said Pat. "The whole lot? Did you label it 'this side up,' as I told you?" "Yes, I did. And for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, I put it on the bottom, too."

Digitized by Google

COMMONPLACE JACK.

"If Jack wasn't so hopelessly commonplace!" sighed Mary Partridge, as she leant over the garden gate and watched her husband's clumsy figure move heavily down the village street. "And it does seem as though he grew more ugly and awkward every day of life," muttered she.

A step on the gravel walk aroused her from her discontented musing, and turning, she met the smiling face and handsome dark eyes of the young man who lodged next door.

"Don't look so disconsolate, Mrs. Partridge," said he gaily, disclosing his white teeth in a mocking smile. "Jack is coming home to dinner, isn't he?"

"Of course, Mr. Blake," answered Mary, the colour deepening in her face as she moved back a step.

"I—I was only thinking a bit," continued Mary, forcing a smile.

"Come, Mary, tell me all about it," said he softly. "Is marriage a failure, or is it not?"

Mary gave a slight toss of her head, and, without a word, turned and walked swiftly towards the house.

A complacent smile curved the young man's lips as he proceeded on his way.

"That girl is about as much in love with her middle-aged husband as I am," muttered he.

Indeed, that was the whole truth of the matter. Mary Partridge was not in love with her husband and never had been. Like many another village maiden, she had grown weary with the struggle for self-maintenance and had accepted her first good offer of marriage. Jack Partridge was a bachelor of forty, plain-looking, steady and industrious, earning the good wages of a mechanic, and the owner of a pretty cottage house.

To Mary this seemed almost wealth, and, smothering her desire for a more romantic attachment, she had gladly accepted the good fortune that had come to her. A year had passed, and with it the novelty of her comfortable surroundings, and a feeling of discontent had crept into Mary's heart.

Jack's quiet good-nature, his simple, unpretending manners and homely domestic ways had begun to pall upon her.

Her face burnt and her heart beat uncomfortably as she hastened into the house with Arthur Blake's words ringing in her ears.

"Is marriage a failure, Mary, or is it not?"

Over and over again Mary asked herself this question as she busied herself about the sunny kitchen, dusted her pretty parlour, and arranged the china and silver upon the snowy cloth of the dinner table.

Suddenly the answer came with swift conviction, and Mary clasped her hands together in mute despair. It was a failure—a miserable failure, she thought bitterly.

To give up forever her freedom, her liberty of action, her every chance in life, for what? Mary's eyes glanced round the room and answered for her. Yes, she had a pretty home, and Jim was kind to her and loved her more than she deserved, and yet—ah! her life was simply unbearable.

With this thought came an uncontrollable desire to escape from the bonds that held her, to snap the chains that she herself had wrought, and to go away, somewhere, anywhere, only to go—go!

As if driven by some invisible power, Mary snatched a hat from its nail and rushed from the house.

Across the well-kept grass-plot at the rear of the cottage Mary sped, out through the gate, and over the wide meadow that lay between the lawn and the dusty highway.

The sun shone, the birds sang, the grass was strewn with buttercups and daisies, and the air was fragrant with summer's sweetest perfume, but Mary heeded them not. Breathless and panting, she reached the long stretch of country road just as the village clock struck twelve. Jack would be coming home to dinner, and sometimes he came that way, thought Mary, and again that feeling that she must flee from him, from the pretty home, the hateful marriage bonds, urged her footsteps. The gleaming railway track lay across the road a short distance ahead.

The throbbing of her brain, the beating of her heart, deafened her ears to the approaching train, and swiftly she crossed the track. As she gained the other side she saw Jack's familiar figure coming towards her. Again, that curious desire to fly from him took possession of her and she hastily turned back.

"Mary! What are you about?" cried a man's voice, and two strong arms pushed her from the track, and she fell forward upon her face in the dust, while the train thundered on.

Stunned for a few moments, Mary did not move; then, with an effort, she rose to her feet, wondering at the strange silence about her.

Where was Jack? Her dazed eyes glanced up and down and fell at last upon a silent form that lay huddled against the track.

"Oh, Jack, have I killed you?" she cried in agony, as she bent over him.

Gathering his head and shoulders within her strong young arms, Mary dragged him into the cool grass beneath the shade of a huge tree.

Save for the slow rise and fall of that broad chest, Jack Partridge lay as one dead, and Mary's repentant tears and the touch of her trembling fingers fell unheeded upon that pale face.

It was but a few minutes, but it seemed hours to Mary in her suspense and remorse, before help arrived and her husband was carried slowly and carefully back to his cottage home.

Through the long night hours, while two physicians were working over Jack's poor, bruised body, there awoke in the heart of Mary Partridge a revelation. With horror and disgust she looked back upon her wild impulse of the morning.

"If Jack dies, he will have given his life for mine," she murmured through her sobs, "and no man can do more than that. What am I that I should scorn such a love, or call it commonplace?"

"Your husband will live. He has asked to see you," said the physician's voice.

"A pretty close shave, wasn't it?" whispered Jack, as his wife leant tenderly over him. "But whatever possessed you to come to meet me this morning, Mary?"

"I cannot tell, Jack dear," answered Mary, as she bent and kissed him.

N. Y. W.

Digitized by Google

NAME HUNTING COMPETITION.

Football Clubs and Players.

1st Prize: £25.
2nd Prize: £10.
5 Prizes of £1 each.

Special Prize for Ladies. *A six-guinea costume, which the winner may have made anywhere and send the bill to us.*

In the event of ladies winning the first cash prize, the Special Prize will go to the lady next most nearly correct. Should gentlemen win the first cash prize, the Special Prize will go to the lady most nearly correct. In the event of a tie it will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

On the opposite column will be found thirty sets of words, each set describing the name of either a football club or a football player.

Write down in the spaces provided the names of all those clubs and players you can discover. If you can't find all, put down as many as you can.

Note These Facts. . .

1. Names must be written in ink.
2. Only one name is allowed against each set of words.
3. Where initials are indicated they must be put down. If omitted, the solution will be wrong.
4. When you have filled up your list, cut it out and get the number of *Pearson's Weekly* published on Friday, February 21st, and fill up the coupon which it contains.
5. You may send in as many sets of lists as you like, but each set will be accepted independently, and must be pinned together.
6. In the event of the prize being divided, only one share will go to each successful competitor, no matter how many duplicate attempts he may send in.
7. No competitor may receive the assistance of professional competition solvers whose advertisements appear in the Press. Every person who enters for this competition must do so only on this understanding, and those selected as winners may be asked to satisfy us that they have not contravened this condition.

The first prize of £25 will be given to the reader from whom we receive coupons containing the greatest number of correct solutions. The second prize will be given to the sender of the next most nearly correct solutions, and so on. In the event of a tie, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor, whose decision is final.

The prizes are all offered by *Pearson's Weekly*.

All the names depicted will be found in "Football Who's Who," which contains the biographies of nearly a thousand players, and can be obtained for 1s. 3d., post free, from the publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Cut to edge—>

Example:

	Hired lodgings	Chambers.
1.	Fastidious	1
2.	Stall at a fair	2
3.	Maker of bread	3
4.	Go on performing	4
5.	J. W. and her son	5
6.	A British nobleman	6
7.	Exclude a small heap	7
8.	A bellowing noise	8
9.	Mourns over	9
10.	Dart off on ramblers	10
11.	Chief man	11
12.	See, a Moorish dance	12
13.	Man who makes gloves	13
14.	Mouth of river; grain	14
15.	To soak in lye	15
16.	Arab coasting vessel	16
17.	Chattering bird	17
18.	Steersman ramblers	18
19.	Catch by a hook	19
20.	Unfruitful	20
21.	Skin of animal dressed	21
22.	E. G.	22
23.	Makes sour	23
24.	Haughty pedal extremity	24
25.	One who tends the sick	25
26.	Cast a side glance	26
27.	Supreme control	27
28.	Indian state reception	28
29.	A pole cat	29
30.	Oblong solids of baked clay; 20 cwt.	30

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Cut to edge —>

Get *Pearson's Weekly* dated February 28th. On Sale next Friday. Another coupon appears in it.

A MATTER OF MILLIONS.

Being the very last recorded incident in the Career of Siever Crafte, of Chicago, Millionaire: from Notes made at the time by Captain Edward Harvey, British Vice-Consul at the Port of Manila, and since communicated by him to Ralph Enderby.

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT SHIP IS THAT?"

"No; there's no one aboard."

"But surely there is some responsible person in charge! Besides, my business is important."

"Can't help it, Mister; cap'n's ashore, and so's the Chief.' Second-mate ain't appointed yet; and——"

"Mr. Blaine, the owner, that's who I want to see. I heard he was here less than ten minutes ago."

"Well, he ain't here now!—and p'raps the chap as told you so much 'll tell you more! I'm in charge and—no—I don't know nothing."

Bruce Doyle bit his lip with vexation, though he felt instinctively that the other was lying.

Hailing from Scotland Yard, where suspicion is as "the nostril's breath," and having, too, a more than shrewd idea that somewhere within the limits of the *Loch Katrine* the master-spirit lurked, for purposes of his own, not altogether easy of explanation, he was disinclined to accept defeat on the first repulse, and on the very threshold of inquiry.

The cautious sailorman—half-bos'un, half-ship's-carpenter—a marine all-round man—watched his unwelcome visitor's evident hesitation from the screwed-up corners of his cunning little eyes, but said nothing to help him to a decision.

"Well," said Doyle at last, "I'll look round to-morrow morning, about this time. Mr. Blaine's likely to be on board then, isn't he?"

"Maybe—can't say for certain; but the chances is as he will be."

"I'll take it at that, then. If, in the meantime, he should ask who called, you can say—Mr. Bruce—of Westminster."

"Right! Mr. Bruce—of Westminster—I won't forget. Hi! hold on a minnit" (as the other turned to go down the gangway on to the quay), "I'm *sure*—now I come to think of it—as he *will* be aboard at this time to-morrow."

"Do you know where he is now?" asked the detective quickly.

"No—I don't! And if you want to know any more, just you wait till to-morrow morning—Mr. Bruce—of Westminster."

Seeing that nothing was to be got out of the man, Doyle left the vessel—a barque-rigged steamer, of rakish build, and of about 900 tons burden. He stopped, however, at the further corner of the quay, in the shadow of one of the warehouses, and stood a while looking intently at the low, black hull of the *Loch Katrine*.

"It's a thousand pities!" he ruminated bitterly, "our people can't persuade the Government to grant a 'detainer' or a search warrant; they're always afraid of offending a foreign somebody, or something. This Blaine hasn't applied for clearing papers up to now; and yet I'm as certain as that my name's Doyle, that she's on the move. I'm just powerless! I've got the case in hand, while the hand is as good as 'cuffed,' for all the free use I have of it. Anyway, I'll be on the spot a couple of hours or so before my stated time; perhaps *that* will trap my bird, and enable me to see if he has anything under his wing."

Then a thought struck him; in a flash it came to him that men who engage in sea-brigandage, of a semi-political sort, often change their names, as a measure of prudence and convenience.

The American invasion of the Philippines was in full blast, and already it had been rumoured that more than one degenerate citizen of the Republic had financed and made common cause with the Malay marauders of the Eastern Seas with the object of preying upon British and American commerce in those waters.

"Supposing his name isn't Blaine! It's just possible. Once I could get him on that, the rest would be easy. It's an odd thing, but nobody's seen him; nobody, that is, whose opinion is worth anything to me. I've got a strange notion that—if I could but put my eyes on him—I should tap the mystery surrounding this same *Loch Katrine*. I'll ask the Dock Superintendent if I may leave a man to watch her till the morning."

But the Superintendent of the Victoria Docks could not quite see his way to this.

"You see, Mr.—er—Doyle, you haven't a shred of documentary authority to go on. Evidently the Government are not sure of their ground, and until I see an official 'detainer' or State warrant, I'm afraid I shouldn't be justified in doing anything which might, for aught I know, be a flagrant breach of international law. The ship is American, at any rate now, though she was bought in this country, and sails under the American flag, and as I burnt my fingers once before with Yankee fire, I am not too eager to risk another pleasure of the same sort."

"Well, I am in the position only to request," said Doyle regretfully; "and there's nothing more for me to do but to have patience till the morning. Perhaps my luck will turn then."

"I hope so," replied the other.

"At least," said Doyle, "you can tell me if you know whether the *Loch Katrine* has given any sign of immediate sailing?"

"Even on that head I know nothing. But there! she cannot possibly 'clear' before to-morrow, I think, and by then something may have turned up to settle the matter one way or the other."

Whatever the detective may have thought, he did not express himself, but with a curt "good-day," left the office, and in a quarter of an hour was in a hansom and on his way to Westminster.

Scarce was his back turned than the door of the port after state-room of the *Loch Katrine* slowly opened, and a man, tall, spare, and cadaverously sallow of face, stepped into the saloon.

Moving quickly across the deck he tapped smartly at the closed door of one of the side cabins.

"Hullo!" came in a muffled voice from within.

"All right, Carter! I want you."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Craf——"

"S——h! man! Blaine, as long as we're in the neighbourhood of this hateful island!"

Hal Carter, the chief officer of the *Loch Katrine*

knew his man too well to keep him waiting long, and in a second or two joined his employer at the saloon table.

"Now, Carter," said the owner of the steamer, "who d'ye think's been paying us a visit this afternoon, eh?"

"Can't say, sir, unless it's 'Lloyd's' man."

"Nary 'Lloyd's,' sonny! what would you say to a sneaking detective, spying round for a loose thread?"

"A detective! They're not going to stop us, after all our precautions, are they?"

"Well, Dyson," said the detective to the sunburnt mercantile-marine man who stood waiting to be questioned.

"Stop us! not if I know it. No; it seems that the British Government half suspect us, but are not quite sure of the facts, so that they won't go the length of a 'detainer' or a search warrant, but just employ a Scotland Yard chap to find out what he can, how he can, all the time smiling at our ambassador, as though they wouldn't entertain a bad opinion of anything American for the world."

"Did the policeman see anything?"

"No, he didn't. You I'd told to keep close in your berth; the half-dozen men that are to work us over to Amsterdam were snugly loafing in the engine-room, also by my orders, and we've no skipper or second-mate. I fancy, too, that my gentleman found an over-tough morsel to chew in old Meyrick."

"Well, he can't do us much harm, anyway."

"Not if I can help it. Now listen, Carter—you are in charge, remember, till we reach Holland where, as you know, we are to ship the arms and ammunition. There too, we shall make up our complement of men; you will give way to Captain Powers, and take up your duties as chief-officer, and then hey! for Luzon and the Bay of Manila at which place I have arranged to meet Mei-ying on the fifteenth of August."

"And we sail?"

"To-night on the ebb. I have the clearing papers—got them half-an-hour ago—and once outside the dock-gates and the river, I defy Scotland Yard and the British Government itself to catch me this side the Scheldt!"

"Shall I call Meyrick in here, and give him his orders?"

"I guess you'd better, for I want to ask him a question or two."

Carter went out through the cuddy and beckoned to Meyrick, who stood by the main-hatch whittling a long piece of hard wood.

"Anything to tell me about that chap who was here awhile ago, Meyrick—did he tell you his name?"

"Mr. Bruce—of Westminster, sir."

"Oh! Mr. Bruce—of Westminster! Well, he's sailed pretty close to the truth. And what did Mr. Bruce—of Westminster—say, when he found he couldn't see anybody?"

"He said, sir, as he'd come again to-morrow morning at the same time; and from what you told me *this*

morning, Mr. Craf—I mean, Mr. Blaine—*I* told *him* as you were sure to be aboard!"

"Meyrick, you're a daisy! Sure to be aboard—yes, but not visible to Mr. Bruce—of Westminster. Ha! ha! ha!"

And so it was that when, the next morning at nine o'clock—a good two hours before the time he had mentioned—Bruce Doyle swung along the road leading to Quay "C." Victoria Docks, the *Loch Katrine's* berth was vacant. She had sailed, ten hours before, on the ebb, for Amsterdam.

CHAPTER II.

The Compact of Blood.

Captain Edward Harvey, British Vice-Consul at Manila, and at this time Acting Consul, looked not a little puzzled over a card which his Philippino servant had just brought in to him.

"I don't know the man! 'Bruce Doyle, Criminal Investigation Department, Scotland Yard.' Chasing some poor beggar, I suppose, who has managed to break through to here. All right, Pablo! show the—er—gentleman in."

"Sit down, Mr. Doyle; we don't often see one of your cloth in Manila. Must be something special, I should think."

"Yes, Captain Harvey—something very special; and if you will be good enough to give me a few moments for explanation, I shall be able to convince you, I think, that it is something which demands your instant and earnest attention."

"Hullo! this sounds exciting. It is not a conventional case, or a conventional criminal, then, that brings you here?"

"No, sir. I am on the track of a man at once the cleverest, the richest, and the most unscrupulous that lives, or ever has lived."

"That's a fairly big order, isn't it?"

"Not half big enough, sir; and when I tell you that the individual in question is the notorious Siever Crafte——"

"Siever Crafte! here—in Manila?"

"Yes, sir! no other; and now you know the man you'll agree with me, I think, that it is no ordinary case or ordinary criminal, with whom we have to deal."

"Let's hear your story, Mr. Doyle," said the Vice-Consul. "Anything about Crafte is interesting; but when it is told within earshot of him, as it were, why—it is positively thrilling!"

"Briefly then, sir, I was instructed, in an informal sort of way, to find out, if I could, the why, what, and wherefore of a certain steamer, the *Loch Katrine*, lying in the export basin at the Victoria Docks, London. The Government suspected that she was loading contraband of war, or, at any rate, was destined for privateering, or similar purposes, but as she flew the Stars and Stripes, and as nothing certain was known, no warrant or detainer was issued."

"That did not give you much of a chance."

"No, sir. Well, I was baffled at every turn, and though the Foreign Office had an idea that Blaine, the owner, who was said to be on board, was suspiciously active in the financing of schemes of this sort, I failed altogether in getting a sight of him.

"The last time I boarded the vessel at the quayside there was no sign of life on deck. Blaine was absolutely invisible, and I had to content myself with the assurance of the quartermaster in charge that the owner would be on board the next morning at the same hour. To be on the right side, however, I determined to be early, but on reaching the docks a couple of hours before the appointed time, I found, to my disgust, that the *Loch Katrine* had cleared ten hours before, and that probably by that time she was a hopeless stern chase.

"To come quickly to the pith of the story I accidentally, as I was leaving the quay, mad almost with disappointment and chagrin, fell up against a chap who, it seems, had been, at the last moment, summarily dismissed by Blaine—for what, I do not know. This man gave me such information—obtained, he told me, by the chance overhearing of a conversation between Blaine and the ship's chief-mate—that, there and then, I decided to make first for Amsterdam, and then, for wherever the news I might get in the Dutch capital might lead me."

"What did you learn?"

"That Blaine and Siever Crafte were one and the same; that twelve hours before my arrival the *Loch Katrine*—renamed the *King of the East*—had left for the Philippines. She had shipped, in record time, a big cargo of arms and ammunition, and a crew of over a hundred men, chiefly Americans, who had arrived the day before on the Atlantic Transport boat from New York.

"Putting two and two together—Siever Crafte and an armed cruiser—I judged myself warranted in following up the trail."

"Quite right! But tell me, have you any idea whereabouts this precious vessel is?"

"No; but my original informant—whom I have brought with me—is at the present moment prosecuting inquiries among the hands by the waterside here, and I don't despair of his finding out something which shall give me a clue to catch Siever Crafte; and to hold him will not only contribute to the peace of these waters, but will settle more than one old score we have against him."

"He is rich, isn't he?"

"Rich, sir! How he got them, no man knows, but he is worth millions—of pounds sterling, not dollars—and it is of course this fact which gives him the power for evil that he undoubtedly possesses."

"Man—for the Señor."

"All right, Pablo; bring him in. It's your 'State evidence,' Mr. Doyle. One word. As this concerns the American people even more than it does us, what we know, and whatever this man may tell us, I must communicate to the United States admiral at once."

"Well, Dyson?" said the detective to the sunburnt, keen-eyed mercantile-marine man who stood, hat in hand, waiting to be questioned.

"The *King of the East*, sir, ex *Loch Katrine*, hove-to off the bar three days ago. Six men left the steamer and were brought by a large 'proa' to Manila. They got drunk, chattered, and let out, before returning to their ship by the same means, that the destination of the *King of the East* was Palawan Bay, on the East, and that they expected to meet there with a number of Malay 'proas' and Chinese junks."

"Is she still off the bar?" cried Harvey.

"No, sir; she was only hove-to four-and-twenty hours, and then steamed away to the eastward."

"Doyle, this is worse than even you imagined. Palawan Bay is the lair of Mei-ying, the Amazon widow of the dead pirate chief, Ching-Yih! Depend upon it, Siever Crafte is bringing his millions and his western fighting methods to combine with that beautiful she-devil!"

Digitized by Google

A fixed look, an imperious order or two, together with a few mysterious hand passes, and the pirate-queen was another woman.

"What do you suggest, sir?" queried Doyle, fully as excited as the other.

"First," replied the Vice-Consul, "I will apprise the United States authorities, and then, in the British Consulate steamer, you and I, and the man here, will leave Manila for Palawan to destroy, if we may, this 'compact of blood,' between Mei-ying, the Pirate Queen, and Siever Crafte, the Chicago man of millions."

CHAPTER III.

A Startling Development.

Along the coast-line of Luzon, Mindoro, and the other Philippines, are countless, and, in some instances, naturally impregnable indentations, which form convenient hiding-places and centres for the Malay waterthieves, who issue thence in inconceivable numbers, to plunder and to kill on the slightest provocation.

It was in one of these notches on the Luzon coast, but a mile or two north of the Bay of Palawan, that the dreaded Mei-ying was known to have her headquarters. Her reputation for murderous ferocity and skill in her nefarious profession was such that no one cared to meddle with her, the new American masters of the Philippines having far too much on their hands—in a political and legitimately belligerent way—to be able to give serious attention to a mere piratical detail.

The place was peculiar, half-cave, half-reed and bamboo hut, the latter forming a sort of deep verandah in front of the rock face.

Two people, totally diverse in every respect, sat in two ordinary deck chairs outside engaged in conversation, agreeable evidently to only one of them.

A man and a woman; the latter was remarkable both in appearance and manner.

Very beautiful, in an Eastern sense, her picturesquely gorgeous, if somewhat bizarre costume was a strikingly appropriate and becoming setting for her personal charms.

Her companion we know, for we have met him in London, St. Petersburg, on the Transvaal Veld, and in the shadow of the Great Wall of China.

Siever Crafte, millionaire and mystery-man, does not seem the worse for his bullet-wound that night in the tomb of the Ming Emperors.

"When," asked Mei-ying, who spoke English with hardly the trace of an accent, "when do we begin our war upon these Yankee barbarians?"

"When you will," replied Crafte, lighting a fresh cigar. "But, as I have told you, it can only be on the conditions I have laid down. For years now I have supplied you with money to carry on your trade, and now, because I think the time ripe to take personal action, with a view of getting some of my own back, you put every obstacle in the way."

Digitized by Google

An angry light glittered in Mei-ying's eyes, but her voice was soft and plausible as she answered him:

"My friend; I want not to hurt you—to rob you! For long I have known you by my ears, and in my heart as the one who has helped to make me—what I am."

"I know! I know! but wouldn't it be as well to leave sentiment out of it altogether. My account against you for something like six years amounts to considerably over two million dollars, and as I propose, by means of the *King of the East*, and those who man her, and a little aid from your own niggers, to recoup myself, and, I hope, a trifle over, I can't quite see how you can consider yourself in any way hardly done by."

"And is that all? Am I, Mei-ying, to take but a second place in what is done? I will not! I will not!"

"I think you will, or, at all events, you will weigh it well before you decline to play the game, as I have planned it."

"Do you know that I have cut off all communication between this place and your ship yonder; and that I have but to lift my finger and you are a dead man?"

"Possibly, but—I think not likely. It may interest you, Mei-ying, to know that I also have made *my* arrangements and that a certain signal from me to that man yonder on the bridge of the *King of the East* will bring instant ruin upon you and yours. I should advise you, therefore, to think twice before you do anything rash in connection with myself."

Siever Crafte's power as a hypnotist had, in the course of his career, been often tested, and he deemed this an opportune moment for its exercise.

A fixed look, an imperious order or two, together with a few mysterious hand-passes, and the pirate-queen was another woman.

On her brow stood beads of sweat, while her whole body trembled and shuddered in a way hitherto unknown to her.

"Come with me," said Crafte authoritatively, taking her by the hand; and she rose and walked by his side down the sloping path to the shore.

Out in the deep water were gathered more than a score of large "proas," each with their complement of Malay and Chinese cut-throats. On the seaward side of them lay at anchor the *King of the East*, while drawn up on the strand were a few small native boats and a quarter-boat from the steamer.

It was towards this latter that Crafte moved with Mei-ying.

"You will go on board your own 'proa,'" he said roughly to her, "and follow my lead in the steamer."

He then helped her into the boat; gave an order or two to the coxswain in charge, and awaited its return.

In a quarter of an hour the boat came back.

Before Crafte could set his foot in it, the coxswain sprang ashore and motioned him up the strand a little way.

"Well?"

"Do you know, sir, what's coming up round the point?"

"No! What?"

"Two American cruisers and a small private steamer flying the Union Jack."

"I don't believe it! the Yanks are too busy in Manila Bay, and as for a Britisher—you're dreaming man!"

"It's true as gospel, sir. Look! you can see 'em yourself now."

Crafte did not waste time in replying, but he saw the three vessels rounding the extreme western point.

Jumping with a bound into the stern-sheets of his own boat, he bid the men pull for all they were worth for the *King of the East*.

Not a word did he speak till the steamer was reached, and then it was but a brief order to chief-mate Carter, Captain Powers being laid up with fever.

"Up anchor, Carter! Quick, d'ye hear! and head under your last ounce of steam for Formosa!"

The Consulate steamer alone made show of pursuit; the American vessels turning their attention towards the pirate flotilla.

How Mei-ying, left miserably in the lurch by her scoundrelly ally, saw "proa" after "proa" sunk by the big guns of the Yankees; and how her own boat, and one other, managed almost miraculously to beach themselves, she herself, with half-a dozen of her followers, seeking the shelter of the forest a mile or two inland, would take too long in the telling. It may just be said that some weeks later a hunting-party of American Naval Officers came across, in the forest, the corpse of Mei-ying with, round her, the bodies of five of her crew.

* * * * *

Captain Harvey reported, a few days after the surprise at Palawan, that he had chased the *King of the East* for over a hundred miles in the direction of Formosa, and that he had only desisted from the pursuit through Crafte's vessel disappearing in a night fog. In the morning not a trace of the adventurer was to be seen.

* * * * *

The following extract from an article in a London daily, fairly expresses public opinion with regard to the British Government's attitude, and the want of action in the matter of the *Loch Katrine*.

After recapitulating the story of Siever Crafte's enterprise, the article goes on to say:

"The British Government, in the person of the Foreign Office, is ever only too disposed to sleep when it should be especially wide-awake.

"Here was a ship, bought in England by a man whom nobody sees, and which, from the moment that she is berthed in the Victoria Docks, is manifestly an object of suspicion. Now that suspicion has been only too well verified by results, perhaps our Official Masters will acknowledge that a little more energy in similar circumstances in the future is desirable. We understand that the detective who went to the Philippines on the track of this man Crafte has been 'carpeted' for misdirected zeal. This, on the face of it, is unjust, and, in a way, immoral; as, after all, Detective Doyle's theory was from the outset the correct one, and had he but been adequately supported by the authorities this precious American adventurer would not have slipped through our fingers. One consolation we have, albeit a poor one, Crafte's prospects of recovering his millions are now so remote that, wherever he is, he may be advised to write off the debt. His debtor is dead, and he, should he dare to face civilisation again, will assuredly do so with his liberty, if not his life, in his hand."

IT IS ALWAYS INTERESTING

to know other people's opinion of yourself, especially when that opinion is absolutely unbiassed.

If you want to know what sort of a person you are send a specimen of your handwriting to

RANEE, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.,

inclosing six penny stamps and a stamped addressed envelope.

Digitized by Google

HARVEY SEELY'S WIFE.

"YOUR last day? Dear, dear, must you go to-day, Harvey?" said Mrs. Seely, looking across the breakfast table at her son, with affectionate concern.

And her daughters Kitty and Margery echoed her words.

"Couldn't you have got off for another week?" said his father, breaking a hot roll carefully. "Now, that you're partner, though——"

"Now that I'm partner, it's hard work getting off," responded Harvey Seely. "It was all I could do——"

He paused suddenly.

"What was all you could do?" inquired Kitty.

"Well," said Harvey, laying down his knife and fork with a beaming smile, "here goes. Here's the news I've been saving up for you till the last, from a natural modesty. It was all I could do to get things arranged so that I could go on my wedding trip a month hence. I am going to be married."

Kitty's spoon fell into her saucer with a clatter, and Mr. Seely dropped his roll hastily.

"Married!" said Margery breathlessly.

Mrs. Seely alone remained calm.

She rolled up her napkin, put it in its ring and looked at her son through her gold-rimmed glasses composedly.

She felt, however, that this was an important crisis.

When Harvey—their only son—had, with commendable independence, left his pleasant home to "get a start" in the neighbouring city, they had all expected great things of him.

He would be rapidly successful; he would distinguish himself in the profession he had chosen and amass a fortune; and he would woo and win some sweet girl, with a long row of ancestors—the Seelys, being themselves a good old family, were great respecters of blue blood—a host of accomplishments and a heavy dowry.

Their hopes had seemed likely to be fulfilled. Harvey had proved himself possessed of remarkable business qualities; he had risen quickly, and had recently exceeded their wildest ambitions by being made a junior partner of his firm.

All that now remained to be desired was his safe conquest of the beautiful and aristocratic young person of their dreams, with her many talents and substantial inheritance.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the girls were trembling with eagerness; that Mr. Seely fumbled with his watch-chain in nervous suspense, and that Mrs. Seely opened her lips twice before she found strength to propound the all-important question:

"Who is she?"

"She is a Miss Dora Berdan at present," said Harvey smilingly.

"Berdan?" Mrs. Seely repeated, and raised her brows inquiringly. "I don't think I have heard of the family."

"That's quite likely," Harvey rejoined. "They are quite people."

"Berdan!" Mrs. Seely repeated musingly. "No, I have not heard of them. Where do they live?"

"In Weyman Street," responded Harvey.

Mrs. Seely fell back in her chair with a little gasp; her husband turned a dismayed face upon his son; and Kitty and Margery gave little screams.

Weyman Street! It was miles from the region of aristocracy; it was peopled with working girls, and seamstresses and small shopkeepers; with street-vendors and old apple-women for all the Seelys knew.

"Not Weyman Street, Harvey?" said his father appealingly.

"Certainly; Weyman Street," Harvey repeated.

"But she is not—she cannot be of good family, living in Weyman Street?" said Mrs. Seely, anxiously.

"The family is quite respectable," her son responded quietly. "Dora's mother is a widow. She sews for a lace-goods house, and Dora has been assistant bookkeeper in our establishment; that is how I met her."

Mrs. Seely groaned.

"A book-keeper—a seamstress!" she ejaculated. "Oh, Harvey, you could not have done worse!"

"A penniless girl!" said his father, solemnly. "And after all we have hoped for you! No; it could not be worse."

"A common working-girl!" said Kitty, in a choking voice. "And everybody will know it! Oh, Harvey, it couldn't be worse!"

The young man looked from one to another in astonished, hurt, and half-contemptuous silence.

Margery turned to him with a gentle sympathy mingling with the dismay in her face.

"Perhaps," she said hopefully—"perhaps there is something to make up? Perhaps she is a wonderful beauty, or a great genius, or something?"

Harvey gave her a grateful smile.

"I think her pretty, of course," he said. "But I suppose that's because I'm fond of her. I don't think she would be called a beauty. And as for genius—she's very clever at accounts; but she doesn't sing, or paint, or anything of that sort. She's never had the time or money for such things, poor girl!"

But Margery had turned away with an impatient gesture.

"There is nothing then," she said despairingly. "No, it couldn't be worse!"

Harvey rose from his seat, and pushed the chair back noisily.

"This is absurd," he said indignantly. "It is more than absurd; it is unjust and narrow-minded. How sensible—presumably sensible people," Harvey corrected, rather bitterly, "can say, in regard to a person they have never seen, that 'it could not be worse,' is past my comprehension."

"We will not talk of it," said Mrs. Seely, holding up a restraining hand. "Discussion will not mend matters. And you are to be married next month?"

"On the ninth," Harvey rejoined. "Of course you will be there?" he added, rather dubiously.

"By no means," said his father shortly.

"You could hardly expect it," said Mrs. Seely reproachfully.

"Very well; 'if Mahommed won't come——' You've heard the observation. We shall pay you a visit immediately on our return from our wedding tour, with your kind permission. You must know Dora."

When he left the house, an hour later, he had the required permission.

His mother and the girls had even kissed him good-bye in an injured and reproachful way; and his father had shaken hands, coolly.

But his ears still rang with that odious assertion. "It could not be worse!" and he was thoughtful all the way back to the city.

* * * * *

The Seelys were in a state of subdued excitement.

Harvey's wedding tour was completed; and they had received a telegram that afternoon to the effect that he would arrive to-night, with his new wife.

The dining-room table was set for dinner; and Mrs. Seely wandered from one end of it to the other nervously.

Her husband sat under the chandelier with his evening newspaper; but he was not reading it. Kitty and Margery fluttered about uneasily, watching through the window for the carriage from the railway station.

"I hope," said Margery, with a nervous attempt at cheerfulness, "that she will be fairly decent—presentable. Think of the people who will call! I hope she won't be worse than we're prepared to see her."

"She couldn't be," said Mrs. Seely dismally.

There was a roll of wheels, and the twinkle of the carriage-lamp at the door, and the bell rang sharply.

Kitty and Margery clasped hands in sympathetic agitation; Mr. Seely dropped his newspaper and rose; and Mrs. Seely advanced towards the hall door with dignity.

It opened wide before she could reach it, and Harvey entered, his face suffused with genial, blissful smiles.

"This is my wife," he said proudly. "My mother, Dora; my father; my sisters Kitty and Margery!"

And, with a caressing touch, he took her by the hand and led forward among them—

What?

Mr. Seely gazed with wide-open eyes; Mrs. Seely dropped the hand she had started to hold out, with her face growing ashy, and Kitty and Margery gasped.

For what they saw was a woman of apparently forty years, with a face powdered and painted in the most unblushing manner, with thin grey hair crimped over a wrinkled forehead in a sickening affectation of youthfulness, and with a diminutive, gaily-trimmed bonnet perched thereon; with an affected, mincing gait and a simpering smile.

"This is my wife," Harvey repeated. "Have you no welcome for her?"

The bride tittered.

"P'raps they think I ain't good enough for 'em, dear?" she observed tartly.

"Impossible, my pet," Harvey responded; and patted her falsely-blooming cheek affectionately. "Besides, if you were but a shadow—a caricature of your beautiful self, they would not have been surprised. They were prepared for the worst."

He looked at his horrified relations meaningly.

The truth of his words flashed over them.

Yes, they had all said, repeatedly, that "it could not be worse." But this wretched, wrinkled, bedizened creature—had they dreamt of this?

Harvey watched them with an undisturbed smile—his father, turning away at last and rubbing his forehead with his handkerchief weakly; Mrs. Seely, gazing at her daughter-in-law with a dreadful fascination, and the girls sinking into chairs in dismayed silence.

"Well, mother," said Harvey lightly, "of course a new addition to the family is an object of interest; but don't forget that I have an appetite, and getting married has rather improved it. Take off your bonnet, my own. Here, Kitty!"

Kitty came forward with a set face and tightly-closed lips, to receive the marvellous combination of beads and silk flowers held out to her with a disgusting air of sprightliness. She was afraid to trust herself to speak.

Poor Mrs. Seely, sick at heart, had made her way to the bell and rang it, and dinner was served presently.

"Turtle soup!" the bride observed, looking round the table with a girlish smile; "ain't nothing I admire so! Just pass that celery, father-in-law. Delicious! ain't it, darling?"

"Extremely, my dear," said the bridegroom complacently.

Ignorant and vulgar! What dreadful things would they discover next?

It was an evening they never forgot. The unfortunate parents sat with pale faces and unsteady hands, staring into their empty plates, or looking at each other with fresh horror at each simpering, senseless, ungrammatical remark of their terrible daughter-in-law.

Kitty and Margery excused themselves during the second course, and flew to their rooms to cry themselves to sleep in an agony of dismay and mortification.

"I shan't think of setting up," said the bride, rising from the table with an apologetic giggle, and with the last of her dessert held aloft. "I'm too wore out. If anybody calls—o' course everybody'll call—just tell 'em I'll see 'em to-morrow. Come on, dear!"

And she tripped upstairs, with a juvenile nod over her shoulder, and with her beaming young husband following.

Mrs. Seely wrung her hands despairingly.

"We said it could not be worse," she said faintly. "But this! How shall we endure it?"

"I shall not endure it!" said her hsuband; his face had grown almost careworn during the last two hours. "I shall send them packing to-morrow, and if he ever enters my house again——"

He brought his hand down on the table threateningly.

"But that will not help matters," said his wife miserably. "He is ruined; we are disgraced; and everybody will know it."

There was a silence.

"I had pictured her to myself," said Mrs. Seely, beginning to sob, "as a young girl—a person of suitable age for my poor, misguided boy, decently educated, and at least a lady. And even then, when I did not doubt that it was such a one he had chosen, I thought myself the most unhappy creature in the world, because she had not wealth and an old name. Surely it is a judgment upon us. Oh, was there ever so dreadful a thing?"

"Probably not!" said her husband grimly.

It was a solemn group that waited in the dining-room, next morning, for the appearance of the newly-wedded couple.

Mr. Seely stood in front of the fireplace, watching the door with a stern face. He was master in his own house at least, and he was determined that he should not be disgraced by his son's wife for another hour.

No one appeared anxious to mention the subject which was uppermost in everyone's thoughts, but at last——

"Please get them away before anybody comes, papa!" said Kitty. "It would be dreadful if anybody were to see her!"

"Dreadful!" Margery echoed, with a groan. "What can Harvey possibly have seen in such a creature? The very thought of her, as we saw her last night, makes me ill."

There were footsteps on the stairs.

Mrs. Seely turned with a shiver, and the girls caught their breath.

The door opened.

The waiting group looked up slowly. Would she not be still more terrible in the broad daylight—that artificial, simpering horror?

But it was not the sight they were prepared to see which the open door disclosed; it was not a painted, powdered semblance of a woman who came in slowly, with a timid smile and downcast eyes.

It was a slender, sweet-faced young lady, with shining brown hair crowning a charming head, peachy cheeks, in which the colour came and went, and soft, dark eyes, which studied the carpet in pretty timidity; with dainty, slippered feet, and a lace-trimmed wrapper, fitting snugly to a perfect form.

"Good morning," she said gently.

Harvey had followed her closely.

"Well, Dora," he said, looking from one to another of his speechless relatives quizzically, "they don't seem inclined to speak to you."

But Margery had come towards her hastily, and seized both of her hands.

"Was it you all the time?" cried Margery, joyfully. "And the grey hair was false, and the wrinkles were put on, and all that dreadful powder? Oh, Harvey, how could you?"

"I begged him not to," said the pretty bride, raising her dark eyes sweetly. "I told him it was cruel; and such a time as I had, saying all those shocking things he had taught me, and keeping my wig straight, and trying not to laugh. You can't think how difficult it was, and all the while I felt so ashamed of myself. Will you ever forgive us?"

"Forgive you! Oh, my dear!" cried Mrs. Seely incoherently.

And she hurried forward, with a sob of joy, and embraced her daughter-in-law wildly.

"It was rather rough," said Harvey gaily. "I felt like a villain when I saw the way you all took it. But you know what you said, every one of you—that it 'couldn't be worse.' I thought I'd demonstrate to you that it could. Dora is nineteen instead of forty, she can speak correctly when she makes an effort; and I can heartily recommend her for a 'willing and obliging,' good-tempered and thoroughly capable girl—the sweetest in the world."

Mr. Seely left the fireplace and came and clasped his daughter-in-law in his arms, with a beaming face, and Kitty kissed her effusively.

"It was a dreadful lesson," said Mrs. Seely, looking up with a tearful smile; "but I am afraid we needed it, my son."

Emma A. Opper.

A HANDBOOK TO PING-PONG.

- - JUST OUT - -

TABLE-TENNIS,

AND HOW TO PLAY IT.

With Rules and several Illustrations.

By M. J. G. RITCHIE, of the All England Table-Tennis Club, and WALTER HARRISON, of the Cavendish Table-Tennis Club.

Cloth, price 1s.; or post free 1s. 2d.

This splendid handbook deals with:

Ways of holding a racquet—Accessories for the game—Methods of celebrated lawn-tennis players in table-tennis—"Drives"—Forehand and backhand strokes—Half-volleys—Hints for beginners—How to form table-tennis clubs—How to learn the game—How to conduct International matches—Leading strokes—The "Return"—The "Service"—The "Smash"—Handicap scoring in match play—Necessary appliances for the game—Necessary qualifications for a good player—Rules for table-tennis—Special rules for match play—Strokes to cultivate—The same versus ping pong—American system of tournament play—English system of tournament play—Suggestions for a club tournament—Why it is called "Ping-pong," etc., etc.

At all Booksellers and Railway Bookstalls, or of Messrs. C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Order Form. S. S.

Please send me a copy of "Table Tennis," for which I inclose the sum of one shilling and twopence.

Name.....

Address.....

You are making a : : mistake : :

IF YOU ARE NOT BUYING

Famous Pictures

OF THE WORLD.

The most notable Art Work of the New Century.

Each part costs one shilling only (1s. 3d. post free), and contains nine world-famed masterpieces in their natural colours.

These beautiful reproductions will make an excellent volume in portfolio form, and if framed will add beauty and charm to the walls of any drawing-room.

PART II. NOW ON SALE.

Contains

"The Ploughman and the Shepherdess" By Frederick Goodall, R.A.
"St. John and the Lamb" ... ... By Murillo.
"Her Mother's Voice" By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.
"The Avenue, Middleharnis, Holland" By Hobbema.
"Low Life—High Life" By Sir E. H. Landseer, R.A.
"The Fighting Temeraire" By Joseph Turner, R.A.
"The Annunciation" ... By Arthur Hacker, A.R.A.
"Blossoms" ... ... By Albert Moore.
"And when did you last see your father?" By William Frederick Yeames, R.A.

PART III. will be ready on February 28th.

CONCERNING OLIVE.

UNDER its swirl of ruffled muslin Polly's heel gave a little vicious dig into the earth that sent the gaily-coloured hammock forward. Polly frowned disapprovingly at her smart little shoes and the glimpse of silk mesh above them; frowned, too, at her slender, ringless hands with their pink shining nails.

The country—for Polly, foreseeing that between her mother and Mr. Dillingham she would become Mrs. Dillingham in spite of herself, had taken to her heels and fled to the country.

Polly, in the gay hammock, swung slowly. She looked dejectedly at her slim hand. The flashing diamond that Mr. Dillingham wanted to place there wouldn't have been so bad; Mr. Dillingham, himself, was better than—nobody.

Polly was very dejected. Below these heights, in her world, there were dances, dinners—men.

She sat up very straight, for the man—big, brown, and splendid—who towered above her, was holding out his hand to her, and his eyes were so engagingly blue.

"Olive knew that you were here," he said; "she has just written me about it. She asked me to hunt you up—and there were lots of messages about the old schooldays." He smiled down on her.

Polly caught at those words as a drowning man clutches at a straw. There was only one Olive and she had married Tom—Polly's brain worked frantically—Tom Tate, of course.

She beamed on Mr. Tate. She was pleased with herself at the rush of memory that had saved the situation from awkwardness—for it is awkward to have forgotten the name of the man who has married your dearest school friend.

Mr. Tate was not handsome, but bronzed, and his vital, frank personality was irresistible. He talked gaily; of Olive, and her friendship for Polly; of boat races and football games, and, at parting, he held Polly's hand a trifle longer than custom decreed, and looked into her eyes with eyes that spoke unuttered things.

Given a man, a maid, and a moon—even a baby moon—and the combination is not without danger.

Tate fell quickly into the habit of dropping in on Pauline—she was Polly to her special friends—at all hours. There was a dairy, and she played dairymaid while he superintended the making of the golden pats of butter; there were books, and they read, or seemed to read; there was a piano, and she played and sang for him; there was a lake on which they floated idly.

Once, in pursuit of a squirrel, they went deeper and deeper into the wood. Tate's gun was in his hand, he was in the country for the shooting. But in the big, silent wood they found no squirrels, and that night Polly brought up her thoughts with a little shiver. She had been trying so hard to remember all the tender little things concerning Olive during their schooldays, trying to remember the look in her eyes as she bade her good-bye, and it was Olive's husband's eyes that looked into hers. A vague fear of herself assailed her.

"What are his eyes to me?" she said angrily. "What is he to me? It's preposterous!" She blew out her light, having suddenly felt a longing for home and her mother's arms. Safe in the knowledge of her resolution to return home, she avoided Tate diligently next day, but at sunset she walked through the odour of the sweet, old-fashioned garden to where the hammock swung, disconsolate.

He came; perhaps she had gone there knowing the fact. Oh, the sweet poison that lurks in renunciation! The evening was warm and soft; the wind stirred his fair hair; and he played—strange, sweet tunes that hinted things beyond the telling.

In spite of the warm air Polly shivered. She wasn't responsible while that moon looked on—it put strange thoughts in her head. As if divining those thoughts, Tate suddenly bent forward and took her hand. "Why do you avoid me?" he asked tenderly.

A married flirt! Married, too, to her dearest friend. How could she think tenderly of such a contemptible and treacherous creature.

"Because," she stammered, "I despise you."

"I don't understand you," Tate said, in a bewildered way.

"Perhaps you understand Olive better?"

"Yes."

"What explanation will you give?"

"Explanation?"

"A model husband!" sneered Polly.

"A bachelor until time ends," corrected Tate. "I'm thirty and you are twenty, Polly, but the dream was sweet."

"And Olive," asked Polly, in a hard little voice, "what would she do?"

"Did you know? I didn't know she ever told a living soul."

"What?" breathed Polly.

"Tom's all right," Tate exclaimed, "but sometimes at a dance or card party, he takes too much and it goes to his head. I save Olive from it, always, I hardly thought she realised."

"Does Olive love Tom, her husband?" Polly put the question hesitatingly.

"Good Heavens!" said Tate.

Polly laughed—a low, contented laugh—she moved nearer to Tate.

"What does Olive call you?" she asked.

"I don't know what you are driving at," Tate said, "but Olive calls me Rob; most women call their brothers-in-law by their Christian name."

"Yes," said Polly, "yes." She slipped her warm fingers into his.

"You are a very peculiar young person," said Tate.

"Yes," Polly spoke humbly, "but my friends love me in spite of the peculiarities." Suddenly she swayed towards him. "Love me, Rob," she pleaded.

As Tate swept her into his arms, the moon, having freed itself from the hill and swung off into space, looked from behind a silver-lined cloud, then discreetly withdrew.

S. L. COLEMAN.

Digitized by Google

IN CONFIDENCE.

Conducted by MADGE MORRIS.

[*I shall be glad to answer, to the best of my ability, any letters from readers dealing with affairs of the heart, tangles in domestic life, or points of etiquette. All communications must be addressed to me personally, c/o the Editor of* SHORT STORIES.]

"**H. L.**"—You both want to get married, but her parents object. Should she defy them? I certainly do not suggest that she should. But if you are sure that you are destined for each other, and are yourself in a position to keep her, I think you should let her parents know that nothing will interfere with your decision, and point out that it would be better for their daughter's happiness if they gave their consent, rather than bring about a runaway marriage and its consequences.

"**In Difficulties.**"—Don't think me unkind, but my whole idea is to tell you what seems to me the truth about the matter. The gentleman you describe is a type of flirt about which we women should know a good deal, so as to avoid deception. He is a young man, and you are, well, a widow in your prime. He is very popular with other ladies, and has an enormous opinion of himself. At the same time, you think he likes you. You say you have an idea that he wishes to draw you on by his manner. I think that is very likely indeed. Those kinds of young men often live only for that object with all women, towards whom they seldom have any serious intentions. I don't wish to suggest all this about him, but I must tell you how your description strikes me, and leave it to you to judge whether it applies to him.

"**Shy Male.**"—I am afraid I cannot tell you off-hand of any young lady in the districts of Tottenham or Stamford Hill anxious to make a young man's acquaintance. But there must be a great many. I am glad you do not go in for flirting like your acquaintances, and hope it will not be long before some nice young lady comes your way. You are, you say, shy. But as you are only nineteen, that is not unusual. In another two years, you should soon have got over that. There are so many ways in which young men and women can meet, if people only know how to deport themselves. I have given several hints on this point in *Pearson's Weekly*, but may as well repeat that you must be good at social gatherings, must make yourself look as attractive as possible, and when you meet one nice girl, try and secure another meeting, ask if you may call at her home, or which are her favourite bicycle rides or walks, where she spends her time, and other things that ought to bring you into further touch with her. But remember that proverb about "faint heart."

"**Ralph**" is in despair over one trait in the character of the girl he is engaged to. She will persist in making fun of other people, and, though he has repeatedly begged her not to, she persists in her silly behaviour. He asks what he can do to cure her, as he cannot bear to think that when she is his wife she will turn to ridicule all the sayings and doings of people she mixes with.———I think you take the matter too much to heart, "Ralph." Ask her quietly to try for your sake to check this habit, and I feel sure she will do all she is able to cure herself of it. You must remember that a habit of a lifetime cannot be overcome in a few days, so you must be patient with her.

"**Anxious and Hopeful One**" wants to know what she could do to pass away her time at home, as she is quite deaf and her eyes are not very strong.———Your eyes being bad makes it difficult for you to do much in the way of home employment, "Hopeful One," knitting or crochet being about the two most simple things to do in which the eyesight is not much needed. I should advise you to go to a really good doctor, tell him plainly how matters stand, and see if he could get you into some hospital where they would do you some permanent good. Surely the clergyman of your parish or some other kindly soul would interest themselves in your case. I can quite understand how miserable and downhearted you must feel.

"**Mother of Three**" writes me a very pitiful letter. Her husband has met with an accident, and has had to give up his business; they are very poor, but have just enough to keep them from starvation. A rich cousin has offered to adopt one of her children on the condition that his parents shall never see him again. She feels that she cannot part with her eldest boy, and it would break her heart to part with either of her twin babies.———I am so sorry for you, "Mother of Three," and quite understand your feelings in the matter. So long as you have health and strength, and just enough to live on, I feel sure you will be doing right by your children in keeping them with you. After all, no other love makes up for a mother's, does it?

"**Victoria F.**" and her sweetheart have had a quarrel, since which she has been asked to his brother's wedding. She wants to know whether she should go, as her sweetheart will be there? The cause of their estrangement was that the young man had been keeping company with another young lady, who had, however, since given him up.———I am sorry to hear of your little trouble; but I cannot suggest a more excellent preparation towards a reconciliation than your attending the wedding. The marriage ceremony is a splendid advertisement for the matrimonial state, and few men or women can attend one without turning their thoughts in that direction themselves. Now you and your estranged lover will both be there. You will both think of matrimony, and will both realise that the partner of your respective hearts is in that very place of worship. Could anything but a complete reconciliation come of such a thing, supposing, of course, that you still love each other?

Digitized by Google

THE LOVERS OF YVONNE

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XXIII. *(continued).*

TOWARDS eleven o'clock, as the lights in the hostelry opposite were burning low, I descended and made my way out into the now deserted street. The troopers had apparently seen fit—or else been ordered to seek their beds, for the place had grown silent, and a servant was in the act of making fast the door for the night. The door was half-closed, and a man carrying a lanthorn was making fast the bolt, whistling aimlessly to himself. Through the half of the door that was yet open, I beheld a window from which the light fell upon a distant corner of the courtyard.

I drew near the fellow with the lanthorn, in whom I recognised René, the hostler, and as I approached he flashed the light upon my face; then, with a gasp, "M. de Luynes!" he exclaimed, remembering me from the time when I had lodged at the *Lys de France* four months ago.

"Sh!" I whispered, pressing a *louis d'or* into his hand. "Whose window is that, René?" And pointed towards the light.

"That," he replied, "is the room of the lieutenant and the gentleman in the mask."

"I must take a look at them, René; and whilst I am looking I shall search my pocket for another *louis*. Now let me in."

"I dare not, Monsieur. Maître Bernard may call me, and if the doors are not closed——"

"Come, come," I broke in; "I shall stay but a moment."

"But——"

"And you will have easily earned a *louis d'or*. If Bernard calls you tell him that you have let something fall, and that you are seeking it. There, let me pass."

I got past him at last, and made my way swiftly towards the other end of the quadrangle. As I approached, the sound of voices smote my ear, for the lighted window stood open. I stopped within half-a-dozen paces of it, and climbed on to the step of the coach that stood there. Thence I could look straight into the room, whilst the darkness hid me from the eyes of those I watched.

Three men were there; Montrésor, the sergeant of his troop, and a tall man dressed in black and wearing a black silk mask. This I concluded to be St. Auban, despite the profusion of fair locks that fell from his shoulders, concealing, I rightly guessed, his natural hair, which was as black as my own. It was a cunning addition to his disguise, and one well calculated to lead people on to the wrong scent hereafter.

Presently, as I watched them, St. Auban spoke, and his voice was that of a man whose gums are toothless, or else whose nether lip is drawn in over his teeth whilst he speaks. Here again the dissimulation was as effective as it was simple.

"So that is concluded," were the words that reached me. "To-morrow we will install our men at the Château, for while we remain here it is preposterous to lodge them at an inn. On the following day I hope that we may be able to set out again."

"If we could obtain fresh horses——" began the sergeant, when he of the mask interrupted him.

"What! Think you my purse is bottomless? We return as we came, with the Cardinal's horses. What signify a day or two, after all? Come, call the landlord to light me to my room."

I had heard enough. But, more than that, whilst I listened an idea of a sudden sprung up in my mind which did away with the necessity of gaining speech with Montrésor—a contingency this, moreover, that now presented insuperable difficulties.

So I got down softly from my perch and made my way out of the yard, and, after fulfilling my part of the bargain with René, across to the *Vigne d'Or* and to my room, there to sit and mature the plan that of a sudden I had conceived.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Of the Passing of St. Auban.

HEAVENS! What an ado there was next day at Blois, when the news came that the troopers had installed themselves at the Château de Canaples, and that the Chevalier had been arrested for treason by order of the Lord Cardinal, and that he would be taken to Paris, and probably—the scaffold.

Men gathered in little knots at street corners, and with sullen brows and threatening gestures they talked of the affair; and the more they talked, the more clouded grew their looks, and more than one anti-cardinist *pasquinade* was heard in Blois that day.

Given a leader, those men would have laid hands upon pikes and muskets, and gone to the Chevalier's rescue. As I observed them, the thought did cross my mind that I might contrive a pretty fight in the rose garden of Canaples were I so inclined. And so inclined I should indeed have been but for the plan that had come to me like an inspiration from above, and which methought would prove safer in the end.

To carry out this plan of mine I quitted Blois at nightfall with my two knaves, having paid my reckoning at the *Vigne d'Or*, and given out that we were journeying to Tours. We followed the road that led to Canaples, until we reached the first trees bordering the park. There I dismounted, and leaving Abdon to guard the horses I made my way on foot, accompanied by Michelot, towards the garden.

We gained this, and were on the point of quitting the shadow of the trees when, of a sudden, by the light of the crescent moon, I beheld a man walking in one of the alleys not a hundred paces from where we stood. I had but time to seize Michelot by the collar of his doublet and draw him towards me. But as he trod quickly backwards a twig

Copyright in the United States of America, by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

snapped 'neath his foot with a report that in the surrounding stillness was like a pistol shot.

I caught my breath as he who walked in the garden stood still, his face, wrapped in the shadows of his hat, turned towards us.

"Who goes there?" he shouted. Then, getting no reply, he came resolutely forward, whilst I drew a pistol wherewith to welcome him did he draw too near.

On he came, and already I had brought my pistol to a level with his head, when fortunately he repeated his question, "Who goes there?" and this time I recognised the voice of Montrésor, the very man I could then most wish to meet.

"Hist! Montrésor!" I called softly. "'Tis I,—de Luynes."

"So," he exclaimed, coming closer to me, "you have reached Canaples at last!"

"At last!" I echoed.

"Whom have you there?" he inquired abruptly.

"Only Michelot."

"Bid him fall behind a little."

When Michelot had complied with this request, "You see, M. de Luynes," quoth the officer, "that you have arrived too late."

There was a certain coldness in his tone that made me seek by my reply to sound him.

"Indeed, I trust not, my friend. With your assistance I hope to get M. de Canaples from the clutches of St. Auban."

He shook his head.

"It is impossible that I should help you," he replied with increased coldness. "Already once for your sake have I broken faith with those who pay me by setting you in position to forestall St. Auban and get M. de Canaples away before his arrival. Unfortunately you have dallied on the road, M. de Luynes, and Canaples is already a prisoner—a doomed one, I fear."

"Is that your last word, Montrésor?" I inquired sadly.

"I am sorry," he answered in softened tones, "but you must see that I cannot do otherwise. I warned you; more you cannot expect of me."

I sighed, and stood musing for an instant; then, "You are right, Montrésor. Nevertheless I am still grateful to you for the warning you gave me in Paris. God pity and help Canaples! Farewell, Montrésor. I do not think you will see me again."

He took my hand, but as he did so he pushed me back into the shadow from which I had stepped to proffer it to him.

"Beware!" he ejaculated. "The moon was full upon your face, and did St. Auban chance to look out he must have seen you."

I followed the indication of his thumb and noted the lighted window to which he pointed. A moment later he was gone, and as I joined Michelot I chuckled softly to myself.

For two hours and more I sat in the shrubbery, conversing in whispers with Michelot, and watching the lights in the Château die out one by one, until St. Auban's widow, which opened on the terrace balcony, was the only one that was not wrapped in darkness.

I waited a little while longer, then rising I cautiously made a tour of inspection. Peace reigned everywhere, and the only sign of life was the sentry, who with musket on shoulder paced in front of the main entrance, a silent testimony of St. Auban's mistrust of the Bloisois and of his fears of a possible surprise.

Satisfied that everyone slept, I retraced my steps to the shrubbery where Michelot awaited me, watching the square of light, and after exchanging a word with him I again stepped forth.

When I was halfway across the intervening space of garden, treading with infinite precaution, a dark shadow obscured the window, which a second later was thrown open. Crouching hastily behind a boxwood hedge, I watched St. Auban—for I guessed that he it was—as he leant out and gazed skywards.

For a little while he remained there, then he withdrew, leaving the casement open, and presently I caught the grating of a chair on the parquet floor within. If ever the gods favoured mortal, they favoured me at that moment.

The Richest Coalfield in England.

More Money For Miners' Wives.

The richest undeveloped coalfield in England is about to be opened up, and the increased work to be obtained will no doubt mean more money for miners and miners' wives. The new coalfield lies east of Rotherham and south of Doncaster and already a pit is being sunk at Dinnington. Quite close to this very spot there has recently been accomplished a remarkable cure by Chas. Forde's Bile Beans for Biliousness. Mr. Joseph Harrison, an engineman at Kilnhurst Chemical Works, and residing at 9 Rossington Street, Denaby Main, is the person who has such good cause to be thankful for his present state of health. A "Rotherham Advertiser" reporter who called upon him learned the following facts. Mr. Harrison said:—"I have been a great sufferer from biliousness and indigestion; and these two complaints were for a long time the cause of much pain, worry and expense. My symptoms were well marked. In consequence of the obstinacy of the indigestion. I was unable to take a sufficient quantity of nutritive food to maintain my strength, and after even a light meal the pain I suffered was often intense. I grew very depressed and low-spirited—a condition which was aggravated by my inability to obtain any sleep for night after night. My natural buoyancy of mind and body so forsook me that there was no pleasure either at home or at work. The doctor visited me and I took his medicine but it was of little use and I still continued in pain.

"Some weeks ago a friend advised me to try Chas. Forde's Bile Beans as he said they had cured him of indigestion and biliousness. I did as he recommended. Since then I have had good cause to thank him for his advice; for before long I began to feel that the Beans were effecting a cure. I commenced to eat and enjoy my food and gradually I progressed until now—to use a north-country sportsman's expression—I feel 'as well and hearty as a hare.' I attribute this exclusively to Bile Beans."

Chas. Forde's Bile Beans for Biliousness, which accomplished the above cure, are a certain cure for indigestion, biliousness, sleeplessness, colds, chill, rheumatism, anæmia, constipation, piles, congestion of the liver, headache, neuralgia, fainting fits, attacks of dizziness, flatulence, pains in the chest, loins or back, defective secretion of bile, wasting affections, female irregularities, gout, and the host of ailments having a common origin in impurity of the blood, a general congestion of the system and loss of vital force.

Obtainable from all chemists, or post free from the Bile Bean Manufacturing Co., 119 and 120 London Wall, London, E.C., upon receipt of prices, one and three halfpence or two and ninepence.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

BIRKBECK BANK,

Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

2½% DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS repayable on demand 2½%

The Birkbeck Almanack, with full particulars, post free.

FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager.*

Digitized by Google

Stealthily as a cat I sprang towards the terrace, the steps to which I climbed on hands and knees. Stooping, I sped silently across it until I had gained the flower-bed immediately below the window that had drawn me to it. Crouching there—for did I stand upright my chin would be on a level with the sill—I paused to listen for some moments. The only sound I caught was a rustle, as of paper. Emboldened, I took a deep breath, and standing up, I gazed straight into the chamber.

By the light of four tapers in heavy silver sconces, I beheld St. Auban seated at a table littered with parchments, over which he was intently poring. His back was towards me and his long black hair hung straight upon his shoulders. On the table, amid the papers, lay his golden wig and black mask, and on the floor, in the centre of the room, his back and breast of blackened steel and his sword.

It needed but little shrewdness to guess those parchments before him to be legal documents touching the Canaples estates, and his occupation that of casting up exactly what profit he would reap from his infamous work of betrayal.

So intent was the hound upon his calculations, that my cautious movements passed unheeded by him as I got astride of the window ledge. It was only when I swung my right leg into the room that he turned his head, but before his eyes reached me I was standing upright and motionless within the chamber.

I have seen fear of many sorts writ large upon the faces of men of many conditions, from the awe that blanches the cheek of the boy soldier when first he hears the cannon thundering, to the terror that glazes the eye of the vanquished swordsman who at every moment expects the deadly point in his heart. But never had I gazed upon a countenance filled with such abject, ghastly terror as that which came over St. Auban's when his eyes met mine that night.

He sprang up with an inarticulate cry that sank into something that I can but liken to the rattle which issues from the throat of expiring men. For a second he stood where he had risen, then terror loosened his knees, and he sank back into his chair. His mouth fell open, and the trembling lips were drawn down at the corners like those of a sobbing child; his cheeks turned whiter than the lawn collar at his throat; and his eyes, wide open in a horrid stare, were fixed on mine, and, powerless to avert them, he met my gaze, cold stern, and implacable.

For a moment we remained thus, and I marvelled greatly to see a man whose heart, if full of evil, I had yet deemed stout enough, stricken by fear into so parlous and pitiful a condition.

Then I had the explanation of it as he lifted his right hand and made the sign of the cross, first upon himself, then in the air, whilst his lips moved, and I guessed that to himself he was muttering some prayer of exorcising purport. There was the solution of the terror-sweat that stood out in beads upon his brow; he had deemed me a spectre—the spectre of a man he believed to have foully done to death on a spot across the Loire visible from the window at my back.

At last he sufficiently mastered himself to break the awful silence.

"What do you want?" he whispered; then his voice gaining power as he used it, "Speak!" he commanded. "Man or devil, speak!"

I laughed for answer, harshly, mockingly; for never had I known a fiercer, crueller mood. At the sound of that laugh, satanical though may have been its ring, he sprang up again, and unsheathing a dagger he took a step towards me.

"We shall see of what you are made," he cried. "If you blast me in the act, I'll strike you."

I laughed again, and raising my arm I gave him the nozzle of a pistol to contemplate.

"Stand where you are, St, Auban, or by the God above us I'll send *your* ghost a-wandering," quoth I coolly.

My voice, which, I take it, had nothing ghostly in it, and still more the levelled pistol which of all implements is the most unghostly, dispelled his dread. The colour crept slowly back to his cheeks, and his mouth closed with a snap of determination.

"Is it indeed you, master meddler?" he said. "Why! I thought you dead these three months."

"And you are overcome with joy to find that you were in error, eh, Marquis? We Luynes die hard."

"It seems so, indeed," he answered with a cool effrontery, past crediting in one who but a moment ago had looked so pitiful. "What do you seek at Canaples?"

"Many things, Marquis. *You* among others."

"You have come to murder me," he cried, and again alarm overspread his countenance.

"Hoity, toity, Marquis! We do not all follow the same trade. Who talks of murder? Faugh!"

Again he took a step towards me, but again the nozzle of my pistol drove him back. To have pistolled him there and then, as he deserved, would have brought the household about my ears, and that would have defeated my object. To have fallen upon him and slain him with silent steel would have equally embarrassed me, as you shall understand anon.

"You and I had a *rendezvous* at St. Sulpice des Reaux," I said calmly, "to which you came with a band of hired assassins. For this you deserve to be shot like the dog you are. But I have it in my heart to be generous to you," I added, in a tone of irony. "Come, take up your sword."

"To what purpose?"

"Do you question me? Take up your sword, man, and do my bidding; thus shall you have a slender chance of life. Refuse, and I pistol you without compunction. So now put on that wig and mask."

When he had obeyed me in this, "Now listen, St. Auban," I said. "You and I are going together to that willow copse whither three months ago you lured Yvonne de Canaples for the purpose of abducting her. On that spot you and I shall presently face each other sword in hand, with none other to witness our meeting save God, in whose hands the issue lies. That is your chance. At the first sign that you meditate playing me any tricks that chance is lost to you." And I tapped my pistol significantly. "Now climb out through that window."

When he had done so, I bade him stand six paces away whilst I followed, and to discourage any foolish indiscretion on his part, I again showed him my pistol.

He answered me with an impatient gesture, and by the light that fell on his face I saw him sneer.

"Come on, you fool," he snarled, "and have done threatening. I'll talk to you in the copse. And tread softly lest you arouse the sentry on the other side."

(To be continued.)

Why Aren't They?

Londoner: "What fine air you have out here, it's so much fresher than in London." Farmer: "Jess so! That's jest what I was saying to my old woman. Why ain't all these big cities built out in the country."

Realistic.

She (poetically): "With this golden bright sky, the sighing of the balmy zephyrs, and the far vista across the foamy waves, one can't but dream they are in sweetest Italy." He: "Good idea. Suppose we have macaroni for dinner!"

PHOTO COMPETITION RESULT.

£5 Notes have been sent to the following in connection with the Photo Competition:

Mrs. MACDONALD (No. 60) 4 Amberley Grove, Leopold Street, Leeds.

Mr. ARTHUR WOOLER (No. 66), 16 Field St., Shipley.

Miss F. A. BRIDGE (No. 70), 5 Granville Street, Kettering.

Digitized by Google

WATSON'S MATCHLESS CLEANSER

IS CHEAP, GOOD, EFFECTIVE. The Best Soap for all purposes. It Saves Time, Labour, Money. Has the Largest Sale of 1-lb. Tablets in the World.

BIG PRIZE SCHEME

For OCTOBER, 1902.

38,199 Prizes value £15,362

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Cash Prize, £100 ...	£100 0
1 Cash Prize, £75	75 0
1 Cash Prize, £50	50 0
1 Cash Prize, £45	45 0
5 Pianos (Walnut Cases), £40 each	200 0
10 Gents' Bicycles (free wheels), £17 17s. each...	178 10
10 Ladies' Bicycles (free wheels), £17 17s. each ...	178 10
10 Cash Prizes, £10 each ...	100 0
20 Jones's Sewing Machines, £8 each...	160 0
20 Cases Cutlery, £8 each ...	160 0
20 Cash Prizes, £5 each ...	100 0
100 Dinner Services (53 pieces), £2 10s. each	250 0
100 Gold Filled Gents' Watches, £2 10s. each ...	250 0
100 Ladies' Dressing Bags, £2 5s. each	225 0
100 Handsome Timepieces, £2. 5s. each	225 0
100 Cash Prizes, £2 each ...	200 0
300 Ladies' Travelling Trunks, £2 each	600 0
300 Fancy Bed Quilts, £1 10s. each	450 0
1000 pairs Blankets, £1 per pair	1000 0
500 Basket Arm Chairs, upholstered, £1 each... ...	500 0
1000 Ladies' Umbrellas, 15/- ea.	750 0
1000 Gents' Umbrellas, 15s. ea.	750 0
400 ½-doz. Best Electro-plated Forks, large, 15s. per ½-doz.	300 0
1000 Handsome Meat Carvers, with Steel in Case, 15s. set	750 0
1000 Ladies' Rolled Gold Bracelets, 15s. each ...	£750 0
400 ½-doz. Best Electro-plated Forks, small, 14s. per ½-doz.	280 0
1000 pairs of Bed Sheets, 12/6 per pair	625 0
1000 White Linen Table Cloths, 12/6 each	625 0
500 Cash Prizes, 10s. each ...	250 0
1000 ½-doz. Table Knives, large, 9s. per ½-doz.	450 0
1000 ½-doz. Table Knives, small, 8s. per ½-doz.	400 0
1000 Ladies' Leather Purses, 8s. each	400 0
1000 Ladies' Umbrellas, 7s. 6d. each	375 0
1000 Ladies' Serge Dress Lengths, 7s. 6d. each ...	375 0
1000 ½-doz. Teaspoons (Best Electro-plated), 5s. per ½-doz.	250 0
4000 Ladies' Chatelaine Bags, 5s. each	1000 0
200 Children's Tea Sets, 3s. 6d. each	35 0
6000 ½-doz. Ladies' Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 2s. 6d. ½-doz.	750 0
4000 Brushes and Combs, in cases, 2s. each	400 0
4000 Oval Hand Mirrors, 2s. each	400 0
4000 Photo Frames, 2s. each ...	400 0
38,199	**£15,362 0**

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

The Tablets of **Watson's Matchless Cleanser** and of **Nubolic Soap** are enclosed in distinctive wrappers. The prizes will be awarded in the above order to persons who send the highest numbers of wrappers of either soap or both of them combined to **Joseph Watson & Sons Limited, Whitehall Soap Works, Leeds**, not later than October 31st, 1902. Each wrapper must be complete, and each package of wrappers sent will be taken as one lot. Separate entries must be sent under separate covers. Full postage or carriage must be paid. Each parcel must contain the full name and address of the sender, and the number of wrappers sent in must be marked on the same paper. On outside of parcel write legibly "**Prize Competition.**" A list, giving result of the Competition, will be sent with each prize when it is sent out. Every wrapper must have first contained soap. No employee of Joseph Watson & Sons Limited will be eligible. Should any dispute arise as to the contents of any parcel, or any other matter connected with this competition, the decision of Joseph Watson & Sons Limited, Leeds, to be final. All prizes will be despatched on or before December 20th, 1902.

NUBOLIC SOAP

BEST AND SAFEST DISINFECTANT. For Use in Kitchen, Laundry, Bathroom, and Nursery. Purifies Everything. Kills Infection. Wards off Illness. Saves Doctors' Bills.

A CHILD'S DRESS

Can be made by any lady who follows carefully the Paper Pattern and Instructions

GIVEN AWAY

with every copy of THIS WEEK'S

Home Notes

(No. 423).

The Best and Daintiest of Ladies' Weeklies. You should get a copy at once.

ONE PENNY.

50000 TRIAL PACKAGES FREE! RHEUMATISM CURED

By a Simple Remedy which has Cured many cases of 30 & 40 years' standing

IF YOU HAVE RHEUMATISM

Write to me and I will send you free, a trial package of GLORIA TONIC, that wonderful remedy which I discovered by a fortunate chance while an invalid from **Rheumatism**. This marvellous remedy has since cured thousands of men and women who have suffered almost beyond human endurance, among them persons of more than 70 years of age, and others who have suffered over 52 years. GLORIA TONIC cures this merciless disease by its action on the blood, driving from the system the Uric Acid—the cause of Rheumatism—which is the only way to cure Rheumatism, as liniments and other external appliances only treat the symptoms and not the disease. **Write for a free trial to-day.** A little book on Rheumatism, with many endorsements from people, not only from the British Isles, but from many other countries, will be sent free with every sample. Use it faithfully until the Uric Acid is banished from your system; by so doing you will not wonder why IT CURED RHEUMATISM of upwards of 52 years' standing. I have 1,000 BONA-FIDE TESTIMONIALS from people throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. Delay in sending for a Trial Package is an injustice to yourself. When Doctors and University Professors endorse GLORIA TONIC, the remedy must necessarily have overwhelming merit. Write at once, even if every Hospital, Hotspring and Bath on earth has failed to cure you. Remember that GLORIA TONIC has cured THOUSANDS of persons in the past, many of whom had walked on crutches, while others were bedridden and helpless. Address all communications to

JOHN A. SMITH, 1007 MONTAGUE HOUSE, STONECUTTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

KAPUTINE

The Best & Safest Remedy for

HEADACHE.

NURSE HILL, of the London Association of Nurses, writes:

"I have seen Kaputine administered to many patients, and can truly say it is a remedy which should have a place in every household."

All Leading Chemists sell KAPUTINE, 1/-. Samples One Penny.

If your Chemist has not KAPUTINE send his name and address to C.G. KAPUTINE, HUDDERSFIELD and we will send you

SAMPLES FREE.

WORTH A CROWN A DOSE.

St. Jacobs Oil

Cures

CHEST COLDS
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
SPRAINS
SORENESS
STIFFNESS

ACTS LIKE MAGIC.

TRADE MARK.

VARICOCELE.

Every Man suffering from Varicocele and its consequent nervous exhaustion speedily relieved and cured by the most advanced and rational method of treatment yet introduced. An Illustrated Circular giving full particulars and testimonials showing successful cures, sent free in a sealed envelope.—S. S. NORTON, 59 and 60 Chancery Lane, London, W.C. Established over 30 years. Consultation Free.

DRUNKENNESS

CURED. This can be done with or without patient's knowledge. Send me a stamp and I will tell you how. (Send no money.) Address, in confidence, Mrs. C. H. (Room 8), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

UGLY NOSES.

Ray's Nose Machines reform Pug, Snub, Broad, Bottled, Crooked, or Prominent Noses. By H.M. Royal Letters Patent. Thousands improved. Particulars for stamp, Red Nose Cure, medically approved, 3/9. Book "Cause and Cure," 1/-. Ear machines, etc. Less Ray (A 1), Specialist, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

FREE!

Send for free catalogue of our cycles, and learn how to get a reliable, warranted mount on easy payments, price £4 to £8; no guarantor required. Symonds' Cycles are best low priced machines in the world, hundreds being sold weekly. Order now to save money. Address:—

SYMONDS' LONDON STORES, 66 Hatton Garden, London

"ALKAN"

CURES IN ONE MINUTE

BY INHALATION

HEADACHE,
TOOTHACHE,
FACIAL NEURALGIA,
NEURALGIA OF THE EAR.

The Effect is Marvellous.

Of all Chemists and Stores, Price 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle.

Sent post paid from Depot to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of price by the Proprietors:

THE ALKAN LTD., GENERAL DEPOT, 150 STRAND, LOND., W.C.

The Medical Editors of HEALTH write:

"Any remedy which will act as an immediate cure for the too common complaints of toothache, earache, and facial neuralgia will, we are sure, be hailed with acclamation. The 'Alkan' has been found to accomplish this result, if the directions forwarded therewith are fully carried out. The pain, if an ordinary case, will be relieved in less than a minute, and we strongly recommend those who are martyrs to the dolourcux and other painful facial complaints to invest in a bottle of this Water and test its virtues."

THE EFFECT IS MARVELLOUS.

P.O. should be made payable to "The Alkan Ltd.," and crossed Lloyd's Bank Ltd. (Law Courts Branch), and letters containing stamps registered.

More Than One.

CUSTOMER: "Some children's shoes, please." Dealer: "Yes, sir. Now, there is an excellent make of shoe. How old is the child?" Customer (with a sigh): "Child! I have nine of them. Show me the wholesale department."

Masculine Woman.

MAC: "That Miss Jumper is dreadfully masculine in her ways." "What does she do?" Mac: "Oh, I've seen her get off the 'bus before it stopped without falling."

Hope for Him.

HE: "I shall never marry until I meet a woman who is my direct opposite." She (encouragingly): "Well, Mr. Duffer, there are numbers of intelligent girls in this neighbourhood."

Fellow Feeling.

DE JONES (haughtily): "I cawn't see, me good man, why you should appeal to me for relief." Tramp: "Well, sor, Oi saw yez borrow somethin' from yer friend down beyant; and as we'd both been broke, Oi thought Oi'd trust to yer fellow-feelin'."

Dad's Fault.

MRS. BROWN: "I'm so sorry you burnt your fingers, Johnny. How was it the cracker went off in your hand?" Little Johnny: "It was all dad's fault. He was coming up the street, and I was going to drop it out of the window on his head, but he walked so slow that the thing went off before he got underneath the window."

A Meek Man.

A DEMURE-LOOKING little man approached the assistant in a grocer's shop, and meekly asked if he had any coffee to sell. "We have ground coffee," said the young man. "No other kind?" "None. This is the best ground coffee on the market." "But I don't want it," the little man braced up. "I got some sugar here the other day with sand in it, and I don't want coffee with ground in it. You must think I want the earth."

Already.

THERE lived in the West of England an enthusiastic geologist—a doctor of divinity and chairman of the Quarter Sessions. A farmer who had seen him presiding on the bench, saw him shortly afterwards seated by the roadside on a heap of stones, which he was busily breaking in search of fossils. The farmer reined up his horse, gazed on him for a minute, shook his head in commiseration of the mutability of human things, then exclaimed in mingled tones of pity and surprise: "What, doctor! Be you come to this already?"

No One Was Ill.

SMITH (to Jones, who has just closed the front door of his boarding-house very softly): "Somebody ill upstairs, Jones?" Jones: "Sh! no; I'm simply behind with my payments again."

The Children's Treat.

MOTHER: "I want you to be good little children this week." Freddie: "What will you give us if we are good?" "If you are really good you can look on when your father shaves himself next Sunday morning."

Strong People.

AWED TOURIST in the Highlands: "Dear me, I don't wonder these natives are so muscular. The guide-book states that their ancestors were in the habit of lifting cattle!"

Helping Her.

HE: "My dear Miss Golding, I should love to assist you in performing all the tasks that fall to your lot." She: "Oh, I have no tasks. I've nothing to do but sit and hold my hands." He: "Well, I should like to assist you in doing even that much."

No Reform Now.

"LOOK here," said the reforming husband, "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept." "With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife; "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept." He let things run on as usual.

How He Knew.

LAWYER: "Are you sure that occurrence was on the 17th of the month?" Witness: "Yes, it was the 17th." Lawyer: "Now, remember you are under oath. How do you know it was the 17th?" Witness: "'Cause the day before that——" Lawyer: "Be careful what you say, now. Go on." Witness: "——was the 16th and the day after was the 18th."

Didn't Wait to See.

A SCHOOLMASTER was one day instructing his class in a scientific subject, when, wishing to simplify the explanation of a certain point by an everyday illustration, he asked: "Have any of you boys ever stirred up a wasp's nest?" "Yes, sir, I have," promptly answered one of the smaller boys. "Well," said the master, encouragingly, thinking to draw out the boy's intelligence, "what was the result?" "Please, sir, I didn't wait to see," answered the boy.

A Model Husband.

WIFE: "I saw the loveliest lace curtains to-day, only half-a-crown, and I wanted them awfully, but I knew you wished to economise, and so I didn't get them." Husband: "That's too bad, my dear, you should have got them. Anything which adds to your happiness and brings gladness to your eyes, anything which lightens your domestic cares and gilds the lowering clouds, anything which borders with sweet flowers the thorny paths of duty, and appeals pleasantly to your æsthetic nature, making life more worth living, home a paradise, you are welcome, doubly welcome to, my angel, if it doesn't cost more than half-a-crown."

The Brain Gymnasium.

In these competitions a prize of £1 1s. will be awarded each week to the competitor whose attempt we receive giving the correct solution of all the puzzles. If more than one is absolutely correct the prize of £1 1s. will be given to the first correct attempt dealt with.

If no lists of absolutely correct solutions are sent in, the first prize will be awarded to the competitor whose attempt is first dealt with showing the fewest mistakes.

Each week we shall award, in addition to the above, either ten of our gold-plated pencil-cases or ten popular novels, to be distributed amongst the competitors whose attempts are absolutely correct and have failed to win the first prize, or, if no complete lists of correct solutions are received, to those whose attempts show the fewest mistakes.

Write all your solutions on one side only of the paper, putting the number against each. Post the batch in an envelope marked "Brain Gymnasium, Nos. 49—54," to reach the Editor, *Short Stories*, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., by first post on Monday, March 3rd, 1902.

The Editor's decision is final, and competitors must only enter on that understanding.

Readers are invited to submit puzzles, acrostics, conundrums, word-squares, etc., for publication on this page. A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to each reader whose attempts are used. All attempts must be vouched for as original, and, of course, it is distinctly understood that the sender of a puzzle must neither compete in the competition nor divulge to anyone the solution. Any reader found infringing this rule will be severely dealt with.

No. 49. REBUS.

My first is a mother, my second is a mother, and my whole is a woman's title.

No. 50. ADDITIONS.

Three-quarters of a yard, and a quarter of a nail, will tell you a tale.

No. 51. HIDDEN PROVERB.

AAA D E G HH I KK L MM NN O R S T W Y. These letters, correctly placed, will form a well-known proverb.

No. 52. ACROSTIC.

Initials and finals, read downwards, of the equivalents of the following, will give the names of two well-known authors:

A North American insect.
A river in India.
A river in the United States.
To lie in wait.
To confine.
A well-known explorer.
A town in Scotland.

No. 53. WORD-SQUARE.

From the following letters form a double word-square, the connecting word being a British river:

CC DD EEEEEEEE II LL M NN OOO RRRR TT VV W.

No. 54. ENIGMA.

I mark the spot where heroes fall,
I march with armies o'er the land,
In front of palace, temple, hall,
In dignity I take my stand.

The daily press, without my aid,
Would soon in dire confusion be,
Invoice and ledger from each trade
Be banished eternally.

An emblem of decay I am,
When prone upon the ground I lay,
When broken by an artist's hand,
Untimely death I then portray.

Result of "Brain Gymnasium," Nos. 31 to 36.

The prize of £1 1s. has been awarded to Mr. Alec Hall, of 21 Coverton Road, Tooting.

A book has been sent to each of the following:
H. Chapperlin, 30 Landseer Road, Upper Holloway.
Mrs. E. Davis, 4 Castle Street, Barnstaple.
Mrs. J. Cowley, 58 Newcastle Avenue, Worksop.
Mrs. E. Hart, 3 Avenue Road, Leamington.
F. Graham, 386 Stanhope Road, South Shields.
A. E. Bunn, 15 Thurnham Street, Liverpool.
A. Wragg, Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire.
G. F. Hill, 12 Medlicott Road, Sparkbrook, Birmingham.
Miss L. Garner, 55 St. Mary's Road, Garston, Liverpool.
W. Hemming, Colet House, Rhyl.

SOLUTIONS.

31. 28.

32. R heims.
O akham.
S hanghai.
E dinburgh.
B ristol.
E ssex.
R ibble.
Y armouth.

33.
W
W A S
W A T E R
H E R
R

34. 5½d.
5½ + 5½ − 6 = 4½d.
4½ + 4½ − 6 = 3d.
3 + 3 − 6 = 0

35. B one.
Y ale.
R ally.
O pen.
N ever = BYRON.

36. INDIA-RUBBER.

A new Serial will start shortly. Look out for further particulars.

Printed by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, London, E.C., and published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"To have a body rich in health,
Is to possess the greatest wealth."

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED

300 Gold Medals, &c. **Cocoa.**

N.B.—Sold only in tins with gilt tops.

"The richest in flesh-forming and energy producing constituents. There is No Better Food."

—Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Mr. Geo. R. Sims'

"TATCHO"

THE GREAT HAIR RENEWER.

WHAT PEOPLE THEMSELVES ARE SAYING:

"A PEARL BEYOND PRICE."—35 Aberdeen Road, Cotham, Bristol. December 23rd, 1901. Mrs. E. C. Parsons regards "Tatcho" as a pearl beyond price. In her opinion everybody desiring to cultivate, improve, or retain a good head of hair should try it.

"3 SEPARATE HAIRDRESSERS."—Rostherne, St. Stephen's Road, Bournemouth, November 30th, 1901. Mrs. Lloyd wants to give three bottles of "Tatcho" to some friends here, as a lady in the house is strongly recommending it, and says that three separate hairdressers tell her what a wonderful growth of new hair she has.

"A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY."—Lyss Place, Liss, Hants, November 30th, 1901. I find "Tatcho" a most excellent and pleasing application for the hair; in fact, a wonderful discovery which ought to be very widely known.—H. PELHAM PAPILLON.

CUT THIS OUT AND **POST TO-DAY.** (If your Local Chemist or Store is unable to supply the large Trial Bottle.) THIS **COUPON** ENTITLES THE SENDER TO A LARGE TRIAL BOTTLE SIZE FOR **4/6** Direct from the 'Tatcho' Depot, Carr. Paid. **1/10**

S.S. ..... 1902.

In making this unique offer the Company is acting with the knowledge that such distribution of large Trial Bottles is making the preparation even more widely known, and is introducing it to every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected by any other system of advertising.

"TATCHO" is a brilliant, spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease.
"TATCHO" is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.
"TATCHO" is sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the world in bottles at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

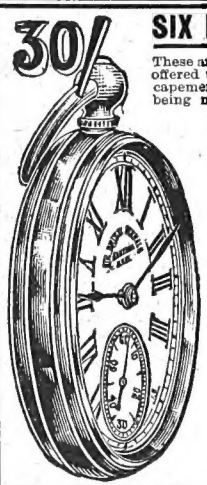
"TATCHO" OFFICES, 81 Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

Digitized by Google

MASTERS LTD.

FAMOUS

SIX PRIZE-MEDAL WATCHES.



These are the most perfectly constructed Watches ever offered to the public, being fitted with a horizontal escapement, every part being interchangeable, all wheels being made of specially-prepared metal, well gilt, polished steel pinions, hardened and tempered springs, patent winding work, patent regulator to keep hair-spring in position, to withstand rough work.

GENTS' { SILVER KEYWIND ... 30/-
GOLD ... 126/-
or
LADY'S { SILVER KEYLESS ... 42/-
GOLD „ 84/- & 126/-

Silver Watches, 5/- Monthly.
Gold Watches, 21/- Monthly.

Parents wishing to present their Sons or Daughters with a **Good Watch**, or young men or young women wishing to buy a Good Watch—one that will keep time and last for **20 years**—should buy one of **MASTERS'** 6 PRIZE-MEDAL WATCHES. MASTERS Ltd. have sold thousands, and received thousands of testimonials. Send 5/- deposit (and pay 5/- monthly), and either Silver Watch will be sent **FREE** on approval, or either Gold Watch for 21/- deposit (and 21/- monthly). Monthly payments accepted for Watches, Jewellery, Rings, &c. Send for Catalogue and terms. **But** if you send CASH IN FULL we make you a **present** value 2/- in the £; thus with a 30/- Silver Watch we **give** you a Silver Albert (or any other article value 3/-) as a **FREE GIFT** for Cash.

CUTLERY . . .

THE HOUSE-KEEPER'S PARCEL. 50 PIECES.

Comprising 6 Table Knives, 6 Dessert Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 1 Pair Sugar Tongs, 1 Sugar Sifter, 6 Egg Spoons, 2 Salt Spoons, and 2 Mustard Spoons. Packed complete in strong metal-edged box, and sent post free to any part of the world for 25/-, with FREE GIFT of a pair of handsome Button-hole Scissors to cash purchasers, or supplied to any reader on monthly payments. Send 5/- deposit, and 5/- monthly. Parcel is sent you by return, and if you do not approve of it your Cash will be returned in full. Teapots, Cruets, Liquor Frames, Toast Racks, &c., supplied on similar terms.

SEE OUR LARGE CATALOGUE, containing 1,500 illustrations of WATCHES, CLOCKS, CUTLERY, PLATE &c., POST FREE.

RINGS . . .

AGENTS WANTED. Write for full Particulars of Commission. POST FREE.

No. 3367.

No. 3353.

Engagement Ring, set with 10 Diamonds, 1 Ruby, 18-ct. gold £5 5s.

No. 3342. Set with 3 Diamonds, 1 Pearls, 18-ct. gold, £4 5s.

Handsome Ring, set with Single Diamond of fine quality, 18-ct gold, Price £5 5s.

ALL RINGS supplied on our Monthly Payment System. Full Particulars POST FREE.

MASTERS LTD., Dept. 201s **RYE, SUSSEX**

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

FOR ALL

BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS,
Sick Headache, Constipation, Wind and Pains in Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, and Female Ailments.

SALE OVER SIX MILLION BOXES YEARLY.

In Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each, with full directions.

Prepared only by the Proprietor,

THOMAS BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire.

Sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Dealers everywhere.

MACKINTOSH'S EXTRA · CREAM · TOFFEE

Is DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!! DELICIOUS!!!

PUREST OF THE PURE.

SPLENDID FOR A COLD.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

A Very Large Sample Packet sent post free for eight penny stamps.
J. MACKINTOSH Ltd., The Toffee Mills, HALIFAX.
Wholesale dealers should stock this Toffee as it sells at sight.

BRITISH MANUFACTURE. **THE ORIGINAL** MAKES FOOD DIGESTIBLE.

PURE. WRIGHT, CROSSLEY & CO., LIVERPOOL. BEST.

"MENE" Ladies say these Towels are superior to all other makes for cleanliness, comfort, and economy. May be obtained from all Under-clothing Houses and Chemists, or 2 doz. No. 1, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 2, 1/-; 1 doz. No. 3, 1/6; post free. **SANITARY** A Free Sample of No. 1 sent post free to any lady mentioning this paper.

MISS HAYNES, 55 Fann St., London, E.C. **TOWEL** FOR LADIES.